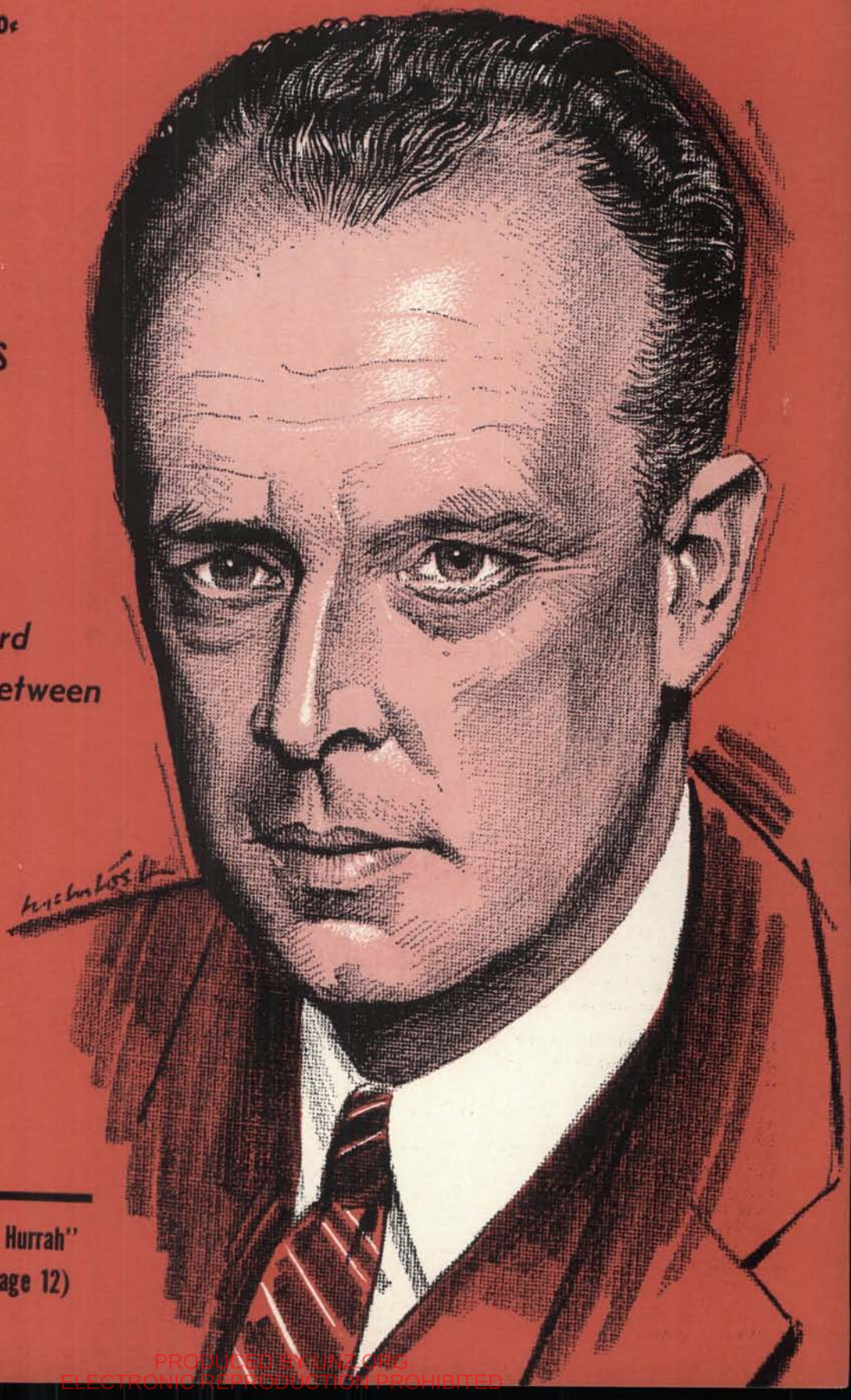
Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 4, 1956 / 20¢



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Debate on the Ford
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Horace Sutton

O'Connor, whose "The Last Hurrah"
's Book of the Week. (See page 12)

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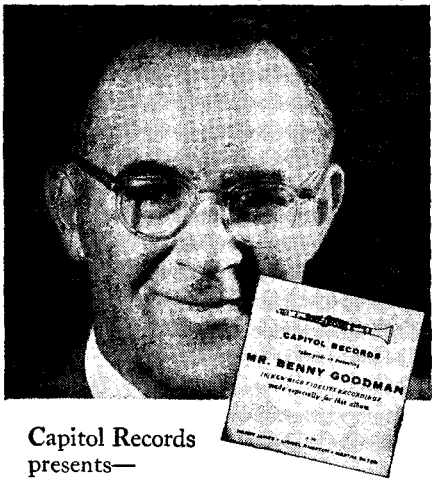

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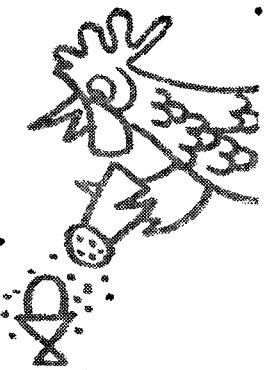

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TRADE Winds

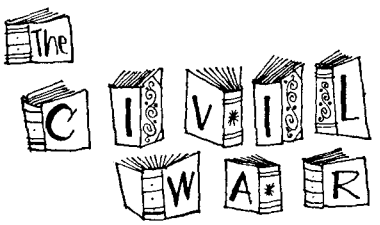
THERE'S A MOTION PICTURE headed for release soon that should be particularly interesting to readers of *The Saturday Review*. It is called "Storm Center," and it tells the story of a small-town librarian who spunkily refuses to allow a lot of self-righteous bluenoses to tell her what books she can, and cannot, keep on her shelves. The original title was "The Library," but it was discarded when one exhibitor scoffed, "Why don't you just hang out a sign reading 'This Theatre Is Closed'?"

Dan Taradish, co-author with Elick Moll of the story and screenplay, also wrote the scripts of "From Here to Eternity" and "Picnic." His is hardly a rags-to-riches saga. His father is a Miami Beach millionaire, and Dan was brought up in a luxurious ocean-side mansion. He battled for over two years to put his library story into production; on the day shooting finally started he commented, "This is the first time I ever saw a 1000 to 1 shot come in." It should be noted that it

was Harry Cohn of Columbia Pictures who finally made a studio available for this controversial picture.

Mary Pickford originally agreed to star in "Storm Center," but somewhere along the line she lost interest. This gave Bette Davis the chance to step in and give what is reported to be the greatest performance of her career.

GRAHAM GREENE'S NEW NOVEL, "The Quiet American," abandons the religious themes on which he has been harping in recent years, and goes in for the suspense he provided in his earlier successes. Viking, which will publish "The Quiet American" in a few weeks, expects big things of it. . . . Indiana University Press announces "The Gandhi Reader: A Source Book of His Life and Writings," edited by Homer Jack. Allan Nevins undoubtedly will revive his argument about not taking Gandhi from a biography by Marcia Davenport, marks the 200th anniversary of the great musician's birth. Mrs. Davenport has supplied a new foreword for the occasion. . . . A new collection of the writings of J. P. McEvoy, entitled "Charlie Would Have Loved This," is a highlight of the current Duell, Sloan, and Pearce list. . . . Of Civil War novels, there seems to be no end.



John Brick's story of Sherman's march through Georgia, "Jubilee," is a forthcoming Literary Guild selection. And Gene Markey will reenter the lists with a stirring tale of life in the Blue Grass country just after hostilities ceased. It's named "Kentucky Pride." Both books, of course, will eventually be made into super-duper screen epics. . . . In the San Fernando Valley, Mike Connolly reports that a synagogue raised a bundle with its local production of "Katz on a Hot Tin Roof." And a troublesome author was told by a producer, "The Super-Chief pulls out of town in twenty minutes. Be under it!"

THE DECEMBER 19 ISSUE of *Opera News* announced a February premiere in America of "Apollo and Persephone" by the British composer Gerald Cockshott ("pronounced 'kosher' "). This inspired Victor Adlin to dash off the following limerick:

There was a composer named
Cockshott
Whose manners just couldn't be
gockshott;
He often ate lox
Direct from the box,
Whether salty or fine Nova
Scockshott.

And K.S.W., in bed with the flu, took exception to Dick Armour's suggestion (see TRADE WINDS for December 24) that "novels one should never whittle: they ought, in fact, to bulk a little." Says she:

I like a novel that is slender
And doesn't require a reading
bender.

I like a compact work of art
That moves the mind and stirs the
heart:

"A View of the Harbour,"
"Howard's End"—
For books like these I'll gladly
spend.

"A Lost Lady," "The Wanderer"—
On such I'll always be a
squanderer.

I'd rather far reread "Persuasion"
On almost any good occasion

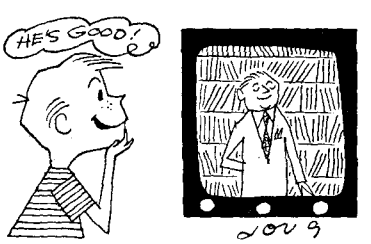
Than buy the bulky modern tome
That clutters up the mind—and
home.

"A CITY," TED BRETON told Jack Kofoed, "is remembered for its food, not its architecture. I remember the French market in New Orleans for the best cup of coffee I ever drank, and Truro, Nova Scotia, for the worst. The finest raisin pie was in Mansfield, Ohio, and the grandest bread at the Army Cooks and Bakers School at Spartansburg, South Carolina. Any town in Massachusetts will give you as good gingerbread as you ever ate. I'll take Boston for codfish, Kansas City for steaks, Baltimore for oysters, the monastery at Capistrano for tamales, San Diego for chili, Seattle for loganberries, London for pork pies, Paris for frogs' legs, and Biloxi for stewed chicken. San Francisco has a biscuit called 'snails' and Portland, Maine, a stew called 'smother,' neither to be found elsewhere." To this list Kofoed adds stone crab in Miami, and I nominate the spaghetti at Joe Consolino's Stamford, Connecticut Mansion. Any readers care to add to this list? (The late Morton Thompson once described a horrendous repast that gave him "gastric gymnastics, jejunal jerks, duodenal dribblings, hepatic heaves, and sigmoid sighs." Wow!)

DARERELL J. GREENVELL sends me an editorial from the *Ogden Standard-Examiner* which I am very happy to reprint here:

GOOD GUYS OWN BOOKS

When the television people wish to set a scene that quickly will



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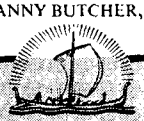

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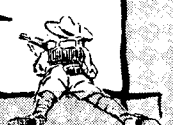

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presenting the characters in front of a background of books.

Several of the television personalities strut their stuff in front of row upon row of books, thus slyly implying they are steeped in the world's wisdom that has been crammed into books and are learned persons as well as keen observers of the world's scene.

The use of books in television is so effective that the kids, who sometimes require a few moments to puzzle out which is the bad guy

and which is the good guy in a western picture, quickly spot the good guy in the society drama. He's the fellow who owns all the books.

It's almost an axiom that if any dirty work is done in a book-lined room said dirty work is not done by the owner of the books.

We suggest that these signs of the great prestige books enjoy may give some ideas to harassed shoppers looking for appropriate gifts. Books may be the answer, because books are desired by untold millions of men, women, and children who like to read books as well as look at them. Remember the children. Every child loves books, and they should never be allowed to grow out of or forget this love.

AT COLORADO STATE COLLEGE in Greele writes Ralph Johnston, a profess has long nourished a yen to teach course dealing with the lives a works of great and talented autho who were of illegitimate birth. Wh stymied him was an appropriate na for his lectures. He now thinks he h the problem licked.

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—BENNETT CERF

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The Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 4, 1956

THAT JOHNNY MAY READ

The contest between Johnny and Reading [SR July 30, 1955] seems destined to go on forever, for there are many complex issues involved: What is to be read? How much understanding and interpretation is to be expected? How will the meaning of "reading" vary in a population of different opportunities and interests? What is the minimum reading-skill necessary for a sound citizenry? In the following article Frank G. Jennings, reading specialist and teacher of education, Bloomfield (N.J.) Junior High School, takes on critics of American schools who don't always take all these problems into account.

By FRANK G. JENNINGS

JOHNNY is sixteen. He has a history of almost eight years of remedial reading classes. He still cannot "read." There is some evidence that he is intelligent. He has empirical knowledge of electronics. He builds radios and repairs others. In order to do this he uses diagrams and schematic drawings. He *reads* them. He reads meters too. Although he is lost in the math class, he uses algebraic formulas far in advance of anything found in that classroom. His teachers were finally persuaded that the symbols Johnny does use constitute a kind of reading every bit as skilful as their kind of reading. But Johnny was interested in *his* symbols. They gave him the information he needed.

The main job was to show him that word-symbols also can and do convey this kind of information and, besides, they could give him certain kinds of facts that could not be represented by schematics, graphs, or diagrams. He wanted to know why radio worked. The science teacher was asked to go through the Radio Amateurs Handbook with the boy. At last he is beginning to respect and pay attention to the written word. But his problem is far beyond the scope of the school. His disabilities in reasoning are mental, perhaps physical, and certainly social too. But to brand him as a non-reader is to effectively immunize him from any reading at all.

Consider Johnny's younger friend. Tommy is very bright. He is the math wizard of the class. Everything that he reads, he tears through at breakneck speed. He complains, "I can get the big ideas all right, but I seem more and more to miss the important little details." He reads almost no fiction. Poetry literally terrifies him. He has a problem of learning how to shift gears in his reading. He is impatient for information, all kinds. But most of the books he gets in school offer little or no challenge to him. His mind is like a hot-rod being used to deliver groceries. Some carefully chosen science-fiction started him on the right track. He may never become a member of the *literati*, but then that is hardly his goal.

Now we come to Sally, fourteen, a discipline case, a "tough" kid. She gags at anything that looks like a schoolbook. Teachers report that all she reads are "screen romances, confession stories, and all that other trash." Her reading has been disapproved by every teacher she has had for the last three years. In this case her present teacher was gently told to stop this nonsense of contrasting the quality of what the girl reads with that of the "nice" books and stories the teacher prefers.

Sally's interests are tied in to adolescent itchiness, which is neither dirty nor vulgar. Start there, it was suggested. Don't worry about the "level" of difficulty of the book. If she is capable of reading *True Confessions* she can "read" "Anna Karenina." The teacher took this advice literally, told Sally the story of the tragic love affair, and turned her loose. Sally is now reading what she calls "adult" books. She is looking for people with real problems against which she can measure her own. The teacher is still uneasy about the "filth" Sally is looking for, and finds, "even in good books." In this case, Sally is all right. It is the teacher who cannot read. She doesn't remember—if in fact she ever knew—that a story, a poem, almost any kind of writing may be read by different people for different reasons and at different levels of understanding.

NOW none of these children has many reading resources in his home. Johnny reports that his family possesses a Bible, some old magazines, "the kind with pictures in them," and the phone books. He has never seen his parents reading books. Tommy's parents can barely speak English and

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"All right—you lay off seeking hegemony over *me*, I'll lay off seeking hegemony over *you*."

are illiterate in their own language. Sally's mother is an avid reader of the very magazines she doesn't want her daughter to read.

On the surface these three seem to be extreme cases. But far too many of their classmates have similar problems. Too often parents depend upon "package deals" in children's literature, or on the canned advice of book clubs. They don't relish the idea of thinking for themselves in these matters. In an age of specialization they have fallen under the persuasion of the specialist, be he teacher, librarian, or bookseller. They want what is "right" for the child, but they want to be told.

We are quick to call a child a poor reader or a non-reader on the scantiest of evidence. Usually he doesn't read what *we* want him to read, the *way* we want him to read it.

At the simplest level we read to find out who did what to whom, or "What happened?" A few steps up and we begin to ask "Why?" or what makes people and things behave in certain ways. Some readers rarely go beyond this level into the rarefied regions of the author's intent, of the comparison of competing human values, of esthetic impact and the design of ideas. Teaching, both at home and in the school, in terms of these aspects of reading can be made more effective if those who would teach would try to read this way, too, without depending on a literary guide book or a teacher's manual. But what is most important is that the home provide an atmosphere that is conducive to these kinds of experiences.

What you think reading is will determine how you use the skill and what you do about it. If you think that reading is what the new-phoneticists call it, the mission is accomplished when the child makes those noises we call "words," whether he understands them or not. If you conceive of reading in any other way it becomes a highly complex affair, in which learning is continuous with living, and living in the human sense, involves taking thought, making decisions, and acting upon them.

THE adolescent, who is the source of most concern in reading, has at least three basic needs that have to be met continuously throughout the early teens. He needs to be reassured that he is important as a human being. Children are positive on this score, teenagers are not. He needs to know that he is normal, ordinary, "just like everybody else." He needs a chance to try out, to audition for some life work. For it is frightening to discover that you are not the center of the universe. It is terrifying to feel that you are odd and queer. It is exhausting to consider the prospect of choosing from a million possible roles to play. Reading presents the possibilities of just such "dry-runs," of adventures without wounds, of defeats without death, and a thousand rebirths of character to be had at the price of a book and the time it takes to read it.

Reading is at the very least a two-way process between what someone writes and what someone understands and the frightening difference between the two. It also involves what happens because of this understanding. The literary experience, for reading is this above all else, is one of the most profound mind-shaping events in the life of man. It kept cultures alive through the campfire storyteller. It makes it possible for Plato and Christ to instruct us from thousands of years away. It joins minds and times together for the better management and control of our universe. It is as abstract as the idea of good. It is as precise and as practical as a door latch. It is the golden goad that makes man humane. It is this that we want our children to discover.

With such great treasure at stake, can we afford to be kibitzers at the vineyard gate? Is it useful to shout encouragement or to jeer at the professionals inside? There is a division of labor here that seems to be unknown to some people. Most of the teachers in most of the schools know quite well what they are doing, and they are doing it well. We have complicated their job by demanding education for all American youth. We sometimes do not understand that the same opportunities do not yield the same goals. Of course we want literacy for all, but for some of our citizens this is the peak achievement.

Let us face a simple fact, and it is merely a fact, neither brutal nor calloused. For some people the expression of intelligence does not take verbal forms. Their experience and interest moves in other directions. Yet in common usage we tend to equate intelligence with word-managing skills. We make some exceptions for certain kinds of artists, but we (don't we?) speak disparagingly of the truck-driver, the mechanic, and the manual worker in general. The non-verbal skills do not preclude the verbal, neither is the absence of the latter an indication of a moronic personality. For some people in our society, a man can read when he can distinguish between road-signs, price tags, headlines, and labels. With the resources he can and does become

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adequately functioning citizen, rears a family, pays taxes, and engages in our common projects. He will not read many books. But this does not mean that the schools have failed.

Almost all experimental evidence seems to show that the teaching of reading is more effective today, on all scores, than it was twenty-five, fifty, or 100 years ago. The source of complaint and dissatisfaction, which is always the happy hunting ground (in both senses) for the quack and the rabble-rouser, is in our brilliant democratic assumption. We take quite literally the injunction that every child must be educated. But, since most of us continue to think of education almost exclusively in the sense of the acquisition of verbal skills, the school *is denounced whenever we find a* poor reader or a non-reader.

Today we know a great deal more than we used to about the physical and psychological mechanisms of reading. We distinguish, too, among the various ways and purposes in which words may be written and read. This point bears repeating: we teach the skills of reading far better than ever before, but although our performance towers above the mole-hill estimates of obviously ignorant people, such as the author of a recent book on non-reading, our capacities as readers have hardly begun to be realized. We must continue to develop these capacities in order to deal with the ever-growing mountain of print that confronts us. With the exception of those children who have profound reading disabilities (which are usually symptomatic of even more serious disorders) our children in the upper elementary grades and early high-school years read a great deal and like to read. What they do read is not always in accord with adult judgment about what they should read. They follow their interests. These interests lead them to "comics" and "questionable" magazines, as well as to "literary pleasure." If we insist upon the latter, with no more justification than "I know what's good for you!" they might write off the whole business as a mistake. The adolescents' interests are as broad as ours but not as deep, not as persistent. They can't afford to be. They are shopping in the marketplace of action and ideas. They are preparing to grow up to be somebody. And for a long time they will not be sure, so their interests will wander. To point to these different directions of interest, to judge some children to be "failures" because we do not accept or understand their interest and then to subtract these failures" from the long list of "good" readers who are constantly coming out of our schools, is to cheat in the same manner that some people do in setting up fictitious losses on a tax form. One can "prove" what is wanted in such a manner, but this is an old and dishonest way of looking at social reality.

NOW JUST what is this reality in the world of words today? Children are now born into a universe that is far different from that of their parents and grandparents. Words from the disembodied voices of radio and from the flat, detached faces of the film and television cannot and ought not to command the attention that the human presence can and does. Since the late Twenties many parents and teachers appear to have tried to avoid understanding the fact of "multiple-attention" in the child. "I don't understand how you can do your homework *and* listen to the radio." Yet most successful people in this country under forty did just that. Today's teenager can eat, view television, do homework, and carry on a long telephone conversation simultaneously and efficiently. Consider what this aspect of the child's language experience means in the problems that it poses in the classroom.

In itself, this multiple attention is neither good nor bad. It is merely so. It does introduce a difference in the kinds of attention the pupils bring to bear in classroom activities, and in home activities too. For today's child the threshold of sensitivity to noise is very high. He has lived in the tower of Babel all his life, and unless he becomes very sick he will never leave it. Unfortunately, however, some teachers who do recognize this fact permit a kind of free-wheeling hubbub in the classroom that makes learning difficult and instruction almost impossible. The classroom must be a place where the child can learn about reading and get practice in dealing with written ideas. It can rarely be the place where full attention can be given to the printed page. There must be another place for that kind of reading.

There are many ways of reading and many reasons for reading. We read the phone book at great speed to get a single bit of information. We read instructions with diffidence and almost a touch of fear. We may read the backs of breakfast-food cartons absently, as we watch a passing crowd. We may read our way into a novel, yearning to be possessed by the pulse and rhythm of the author's story or his style, or perhaps fighting against the seduction of his ideas.

But however we read, our reading is never a simple act. Reading has always been an onerous task. It requires a level of muscular and mental coordination, a degree of attention, when it is purposeful, like no other human effort, especially during the

(*Continued on page* 39)

Philippine Welser in her high collar and ruff (sixteenth-century Germany—the Spanish fashion).

The Count of Croy and his hair-cut, according to Memling (fifteenth-century Burgundy).

FROM TUNICS TO TOPPERS: These sketches appear in one of the biggest and handsomest books to be published this year, "A Pictorial History of Costume," by Wolfgang Bruhn and Max Tilke (Praeger). Even at $22.50 the book looks like a bargain, for it delineates in infinite detail (and often in color) the dress of every era from that of early Egypt (loincloths and tunics), through the Middle Ages and Renaissance (above), and right up to the last century (jackboots, toppers, and bell-shaped petticoats, among other necessary accoutrements of the stylish and non-stylish in our grandfather's time).

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THE $500,000,000 QUESTION

What Will the Ford Foundation Grant Do for Education?

By HARRISON BROWN, *a chemist and educator, who has taught in many leading U.S. universities and written several books on world affairs.*

THE recent announcement by the trustees of the Ford Foundation that $500,000,000 have been allocated to the nation's privately supported colleges, universities, and hospitals has been greeted with enthusiastic approval in practically all quarters of government, education, and medicine. Henry Ford II, chairman of the board of trustees of the Foundation, has probably been reading the universally complimentary newspaper editorials with a deep feeling of satisfaction. When even a nominally anti-foundation newspaper such as the *Los Angeles Times* tells its readers that by giving this grant the *Ford Foundation* has atoned for the activities of the Fund for the Republic, Mr. Ford probably recognizes that the Foundation has hit the public-relations jackpot.

In spite of the widespread praise which has been tendered the Ford Foundation for its action, and in spite of the fact that the institution with which I am personally associated is a substantial beneficiary, I believe that some serious criticism of the grant is in order at this time. One may rightly ask: considering the bold purposes for which the Ford Foundation program was originally created does the present allocation make sense? At the risk of being accused of biting one of the hands that will be feeding me, once our share of the gift is distributed, I submit that the decision makes practically no sense at all.

I remember how excited I was when in 1950 I first read the report of the Study Committee for the Ford Foundation on Policy and Program. The Committee was established by the Trustees in 1948 for the purpose of making recommendations concerning the ways in which the Foundation might best put its resources to work for human welfare. The report which emerged was met with warm approval by the Trustees and by Henry Ford II, who wrote: "The work . . . represents, in the judgment of the trustees, one of the most thorough, painstaking, and significant inquiries ever made into the whole broad question of public welfare and human needs."

The Study Committee recognized that the Ford Foundation did not have sufficient resources to undertake the solution of all problems involving human welfare. It looked upon the Foundation as a sort of catalyst which should operate imaginatively and boldly in specific areas, maintaining flexibility and concentrating its efforts upon those problems where the hope for solution might be greatest. The Committee reached the conclusion that three areas of effort required immediate attention: the establishment of peace, the strengthening of democracy, and the strengthening of domestic and world economy. It stressed however that more basic and long-range efforts were needed and it urged the establishment of two additional programs, the first aimed at the improvement of education and the second aimed at learning more about man and his behavior. In the education area the Committee visualized a program aimed at bringing forth talent and leadership, clarifying the goals of education, evaluating current educational practices, improving the use of mass-media, and improving the quality and quantity of teachers.

Practically all of the areas in which the Ford Foundation originally hoped to stimulate thought and action can be construed as being "controversial." One cannot hope to direct activity toward "The improvement and strengthening of the United Nations and its associated international agencies," toward "The elimination of restrictions on freedom of thought, inquiry, and expression in the United States," or toward "The improvement of the standard of living and the economic status of peoples throughout the world" without stirring emotions and bringing forth criticisms and threats as well as praise.

In order to carry out the proposed program the Foundation established subsidiary foundations and funds such as the Fund for the Republic, the Fund for Adult Education, and Resources for the Future, Inc. All of these operations have been criticized in varying degrees, with the Fund for the Republic being a primary target of accusations from the right-wing. Instead of answering the criticisms, fighting the threats and standing up for the original program as it was so boldly conceived, the leaders of the Foundation have apparently now decided to invest as heavily as possible in areas which are not controversial. From this point of view, hospitals are about the safest things imaginable and increasing professors' salaries by 4 per cent is only a slightly more dangerous activity.

—*Elliott Erwitt.*

H. Brown: "water uniformly dispersed."

A TANK of water in the center of the Sahara could save many lives, but the same water spread uniformly over the desert sands would be useless. One wonders what exciting things might happen were $500,000,000 to be concentrated on the support of "activities that promise significant contributions to world peace and the establishment of a world order of law and justice" or on the support of "activities designed to secure greater allegiance to the basic principles of freedom" instead of dispersing the money among 4,157 colleges and hospitals.

On the average the Ford grant will make it possible for private colleges and universities to increase individual salaries by about $4 per person per week. It is questionable that this will improve higher education in the United States and one can argue that by giving the money to schools with low standards on the same basis as it is given to schools with high standards, the quality of U. S. education might actually suffer in the long run.

I do not wish to minimize the serious financial situation in which our private institutions now find themselves. And it has been stated that the gift dramatizes that need. But in my own mind the gift dramatizes to a much greater extent the dangers we face when we commit unfortunate acts in the name of "good public relations." Speaking for myself, I would rather see my $4 per week raise kept in the $500,000,000 kitty which would be used for a bold program to help create permanent peace and to help provide the freedoms that are necessary if we are to do an adequate job of teaching

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A REPLY TO HARRISON BROWN

Support Without Influence

By COURTNEY C. BROWN, *a noted businessman, economist, and educator who is now dean of Columbia's Graduate School of Business.*

IT IS easy to give money away. It becomes more difficult to give it away without doing harm. It is really difficult to give money away and achieve a constructive social purpose. Money by itself is inert. It must act through people and the organizations and programs to which they assign their energies. Money is effective only when it induces and enables people to do enough of the right things at the right time and place, and in the right way.

A public-welfare foundation working in the field of the social sciences must attempt to achieve its purposes by influencing people to act in behalf of its selected goals. Those goals may alternate between the building of new social patterns on the one hand and the repair of existing patterns on the other. The former emphasis, implying strong leadership, must rest necessarily on a conceptual program for which wide public acceptance is yet to be obtained. The foundation in all probability will become involved in unpopular positions. The latter emphasis, more compatible with confidence in an educated populace, presumes the people will find their own solutions if encouraged by more favorable circumstances. Which of these emphases will be chosen from time to time will and should be conditioned among other things by the existing situation, including the prospects for success. A degree of flexibility is desirable.

The methods used to reach the selected goals and the people deputized through grants to aid in the process are matters of judgment. A foundation can work with existing organizations or it can create new organizations if those available do not fit, or cannot be induced to adapt themselves to the selected purposes. The use of existing organizations may be more effective if a group can be found with common objectives and with experience.

The recent $500,000,000 grant of the Ford Foundation to institutions of higher learning and of medicine serves as a conspicuous illustration of these generalizations. There is nothing in the terms of the grants or the reasons accompanying them to suggest the abandonment of the Foundation's courageous purposes relating to peace, democracy, the economy, education, and human behavior as these were elaborated in the well-known study group report. Quite the contrary is implied. It would seem to be more accurate to conclude that the Foundation's officers, aware that the level of faculty salaries is the weakest link in the chain of private higher education, resolved to attempt to do something about it using existing organizations. A serious deficiency exists in contemporary society and an effort has been made to repair it. Who will deny that an improvement in the well-being and morale of the faculties of our institutions of higher learning may provide the best of all possible means of securing the democratic liberties of generations yet to mature? Indeed, on reflection, all of the five areas of interest in the study group report seem to have been involved to some degree in this grant.

The question remains as to whether the method used by the Foundation was the best to accomplish the purpose sought, namely by raising faculty salaries to repair a serious weakness in present society. No new organizations were devised to work for better faculty salaries. The people chosen to make the grants effective are the present college administrations—all of the administrators whose four-year liberal-arts colleges have accreditation. Could there not have been a more knowledgeable and effective machinery devised?

It is well known that the record of some college administrators commands greater enthusiasm than others.

—*Ferdinand Vogel*

C. C. Brown—"broken new ground."

Why treat all of them on the same basis? Should not greater effectiveness have a reward? The total grant, large though it be, is spread very thin when applied to all the accredited four-year arts colleges. Why not drop out the least effective institutions and thereby make the grant more meaningful for those with higher standards? The limited resources of foundations have been described as the venture capital of social change. Even though a minimum of social adventure is implied, why not make the change a more significant one for those who most deserve it?

The answers to these questions seemingly are found in the nature of the problem. Faculty salaries are too low. All faculty salaries are too low. Even $500,000,000 can only scratch the surface, the need is so great. But $500,000,000 has dramatized the problem. It has already encouraged others to participate in the total solution.

THE most rapidly growing support for higher education is business support. All, not a part, of the intellectual and physical resources of our colleges will be needed in the decade ahead. It would be disastrous if fast growing business support should be concentrated on a cluster of institutions listed in a "Ward McAllister's Blue Book." Yet that no doubt would have happened if the Ford Foundation grants had been limited to a fraction of the total college population. Of course, everyone is interested in improving the quality of teaching and the administration of collegiate education. That is the primary responsibility of the faculties, the administrators, and the trustees. The more customary types of foundation grants tailored to these purposes will help. But the day of large new endowments is over, and only a great growth of modest but continuous annual grants from many sources, particularly from business, can restore faculty salaries and keep them abreast of a growing economy. For the good of education and for the good of business this support must be without influence on education. In that respect it differs from typical foundation support which properly attempts to exert influence. Demonstrating a commendable flexibility, the Ford grant has broken new foundation ground. It is in essence support without influence, except that it has set in motion a movement to make teaching a more agreeable profession. Is there anything that could make a more profound contribution in the long run to the peace, the democracy and the economic well-being of this country? Is there any way that $500,000,000 dollars could make a greater contribution to human welfare?

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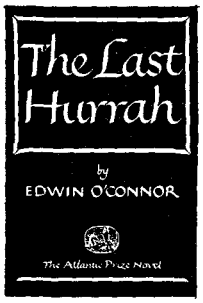

SR's Book of the Week:

"THE LAST HURRAH"

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

IN ORDER to wring the last full measure of joy from Edwin O'Connor's "The Last Hurrah" (Little, Brown, $4), it is necessary to know with some precision what its setting and social significance are. But Mr. O'Connor (or his publishers for him) have prefaced his book with the canonical disclaimer that it has any connection with reality whatsoever: "All characters and situations in this novel are fictional, and any resemblance to any persons living or dead is purely coincidental." This, however, does not rule out the possibility of coincidence; it merely upholds the desirability of caution. Let us, then, imitate Mr. O'Connor.

There was once upon a time a large city on the Atl-nt-c seaboard of a country known as the USA (Utopian States of Atlantica). This city, founded in the seventeenth century, was named after a British saint whose name began with a letter falling somewhere between A and C in the alphabet, so that we can refer to the city as St. Bee's Town. Atlanticans sometimes laughingly referred to it as the H-b of the Un-v-rse. Its founders were Anglo-Saxons, of whom two sorts developed in time, the Y-nk--s and the Br-hm-ns, and they long ran the community in their own interest. But about a hundred years ago quantities of Celts arrived, and in time they took over the political control of St. Bees. These Celts not only elected the mayor of the city, they sometimes promoted the mayor to be governor of their commonwealth, and one such Celt was a political genius by the name of J-m-s M-ch--l C-rl-y. Mr. C-rl-y ran and ran and ran for office, but time went on, and it came to pass that at a relatively advanced age, he ran once too often and was defeated. He was defeated partly by the Y-nk--s and the Br-hm-ns, but also because he underestimated the power of later arrivals in this city, Jews, Italians, and others, and because he underestimated the effect of radio and television upon his rolling oratory.

It is undoubtedly pure coincidence that the hero of "The Last Hurrah" Frank Skeffington, having been mayor and governor, decides at the age of seventy-two to run one more time for mayor, and that he is defeated, and so ends his colorful career. It is probably just coincidence also that no American novel throws into clearer light the operations of the personal machines built up by these political geniuses, or shows more subtly the inadequacies of the Old Americans when they lost control of Boston, New York, and other seaboard cities because of their huge inability to understand that politics is built upon personalized and family relationships.

"The Last Hurrah" is riotously funny, it is acute, it is tolerant, it is a triumph of style. O'Connor, with no attempt at Irish dialect of the Mr. Dooley variety, has caught the exact rhythm and ictus of Irish political speech. His characters occasionally converse; more often they ignore every sophisticated trick that Henry James brought into fiction, and simply talk—talk for paragraphs, for essays, for pages. The structure of the book is so simple, it passes by every modern dodge for storytelling to concentrate upon the complex personality of Frank Skeffington, raffish, cynical, sentimental, lonely, a lover of his fellow man, unethical by any standard save his own, hated by the Roman Catholic Cardinal and fiercely beloved by thousands of Catholics in the diocese—a character superbly seen and as intricate as any invention of Robert Browning. There are other personages in the novel—some of them swiftly etched, too. But Skeffington dominates them all.

Skeffington dies at the end. His death is inevitable, albeit it is too neat, too obviously managed for plot purposes. There was nothing to do for, with, or to Skeffington except to kill him. But even the death scene fits into the sardonic humor of the story. For this is essentially a male book; and the Cardinal's comment on the priest who preaches Skeffington's funeral oration is comment that would occur only in a masculine world.

I commend "The Last Hurrah" to anybody who wants to read large, generous-minded fiction, and to anybody else who wants to know how American politics really operated in the generation of J-m-s M. C-rl-y. It's a perfectly swell job.

THE AUTHOR: *Edwin O'Connor of the Irish-American O'Connors has, he says, never been near politics himself. Especially not politics in the city of Boston, where his novel has won the Atlantic Monthly Press $5,000 Prize and where many citizens are wondering whether it isn't their own James M. Curley whom Mr. O'Connor had in mind when he created the Frank Skeffington of his book. As a matter of fact,* The Boston Globe *decided to ask Mayor Curley himself to review the book for them, and that gentleman seemed delighted to do so until he had read it. In no time at all he sent it back to the* Globe, *accompanied by a note which said, in effect, that he had placed the matter in the hands of attorneys. As for that, Mr. O'Connor says, "I know very little about Mayor Curley. My man is far different. He has more extensive capacities."*

"I wanted to do a novel on the whole Irish-American business," O'Connor who was born in Woonsocket, R. I., explains. "What the Irish got in America they got through politics, so, of course, I had to use a political framework. Like many good Irish Americans, Mr. O'Connor prepared himself for the chore by graduating from Notre Dame in 1939. After that he worked as a radio announcer in Providence, Palm Beach, Buffalo, and Hartford before going into the Coast Guard, which stationed him for two years in Boston, a place he liked so much that he settled down to write there after the war, supporting himself in a furnished room on not-so-swank Marlborough Street by writing TV columns under a pseudonym for The Boston Herald *(and doing the preliminary editing of Comedian Fred Allen's "Treadmill to Oblivion.") He also sold a satire about radio to the* Atlantic, *then a short story, and by 1951 he had published his first novel, "The Oracle," which sold better in England than it did here and enabled him to take a trip to Dublin. Now that "The Last Hurrah," in addition to winning the Atlantic prize, has been selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club and* The Reader's Digest *O'Connor can easily go back to Dublin if he wants. But first he has insured himself adequate comfort in Boston, too. From Marlborough Street he has taken himself to Beacon Hill where he has signed a long lease.*

—JOHN HAVERSTICK

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Beyond Fashion

"Modern Italian Stories," selected and edited by W. J. Strachan *(Philosophical Library. 304 pp. $4.75), is a representative collection by writers from the late nineteenth century to the present. P. M. Passinetti, who reviews it here, is a native of Venice and now teaches at the University of California at Los Angeles.*

By P. M. Passinetti

W. J. STRACHAN'S anthology of "Modern Italian Stories" is significant because it manages to present authors many of whom had never been known in this country before, and because it does so without having to assemble the kind of writing loosely known as avant-garde or experimental. Some of these are writers who have been known in Italy a very long time indeed. One can be almost regarded as a minor classic (Emilio De Marchi, 1851-1901); better known "classics" are Pirandello (1867-1936) and Papini, who is still living (a heroic invalid who in spite of practically complete paralysis and blindness manages to keep alive also on the literary scene by dictating to the only person, a devoted granddaughter, capable of interpreting his arduous speech).

Some of the writers who belong to the generation now over sixty (Bonempelli, Baldini, and the younger Alvaro and Comisso) had hardly ever been touched by English translators. The same is true of some of the writers of approximately Moravia's age, such as Bilenchi. Due tribute is paid to the two Italian narrators who are best known in the English-speaking world, Moravia and Silone. The two women represented in the collection, Elsa Morante and Vera Cacciare, are both excellent. The book is on the whole representative and highly readable. It goes beyond the well-advertised surfaces of the Italian vogue, and in doing so seems to have set on surprisingly solid ground. In the history of that vogue, now ten years old, it may well record the transition from fashionableness to stability.

The literary ground we hit is of a quality compounded of new and old; along with a sense of novelty there is a deep feeling of an Italian narrative tradition. This is singularly apparent to a reader of this anthology who has long known the authors in the original; even in some of those who were once accused of empty formalism he

Kazantzakis—"the Proteus of novel-writing."

is struck by the good quick tempo, the concrete narrative gusto. *Novella* is related, after all, to news; the narrator comes up pretending that he has news for you, with which he rightfully claims your attention. It is an invention presented with authority. This may be a superficial way of looking at it, but I think a good place where you can watch for that ability is the opening of a story, the establishment of the situation, the initial piece of news. Here are some examples from the Strachan anthology:

- "That diabolical writer of anonymous letters who had kept the peaceful city of Pois in continual agitation for two and a half years was a dear cousin of mine who combined the offices of needlework mistress and vice-principal in the Girls' School there. It was my fault that she was sent to prison." (Baldini).
- "In the small fishing village with which we are concerned, life was subjected to the same vicissitudes as the sea." (Comisso).

In their various ways, all these bear the sign of that indefinable narrative gift, the gift for the authorative opening. One trusts at once the story to do its job well.

This Italian fiction presents neither the mannerisms of experimentation nor those of the recently advertised neo-realism, whatever that, in writing or films, meant. It is also rather untouched by that European version of the American Manner which seems now confined in Italy to some of the illustrated weeklies when they ape the tabloids.

The interest in modern Italian arts and letters suffered from two causes: first it was neglect, then it was fashionableness. This attractive book belongs to a time when a deep "second look" is cast at the Italian picture; it thus augurs, beyond the vogue, a state of balance and permanence.

Homeric Throng

"Freedom or Death," by Nikos Kazantzakis *(translated by Jonathan Griffin. Simon & Schuster. 433 pp. $4.50), is the story of a group of late nineteenth-century Greeks dreaming of and working for the union of their native Crete with Greece.*

By Ben Ray Redman

CRETE has mothered many heroes but few novelists, and of the latter only Nikos Kazantzakis, so far as I know, has won recognition in the English-reading world. Translations of "The Greek Passion" and "Zorba the Greek" made him known to us as a writer of stature; Jonathan Griffin's spirited translation of "Freedom or Death" will enhance his reputation among us, and will confirm A. Den Doolaard's dictum that he is "the Proteus of contemporary novel writing."

The setting of "Freedom or Death" is the author's homeland, Crete as it was in 1889, groaning under Turkish rule, dreaming of liberation and union with Greece—even as Cyprus now dreams of liberation and Hellenic union. The action takes place in the port city of Megalokastro, the village of Petrokefalo, and the mountains on which the Cretan captains raise their standards of rebellion. In the forefront of the action are Captain Michales, a "wild beast" of a man, obsessed by patriotism and consumed by pride; Nuri Bey, the chivalrous Turk, Michales's sworn blood brother and sworn enemy; Captain Polyxigis, a brave *palikar* in war and a gallant ladies' man in peace; Eminé, Nuri's beautiful Circassian wife, who brings Michales to the verge of self-betrayal; Effendi Pasha, good natured and lazy, who curses the day he was sent to enforce Turkish rule in mad Megalokastro; the Metropolitan, spiritual and political head of the Greek Christian community; and Sefakas, the hundred-year-old patriarch, veteran of the great rising of 1821, who lives in ancient style in his village of Petrokefalo, adored by his children and his children's children.

These are in the forefront, but surrounding them is a throng of characters such as you have never met before in fiction, many of them grotesque enough to have been painted by Hieronymus Bosch. Indeed, the author lavishes so much time and talent on his freaks, eccentrics, and grotesques, that in the opening chapters they threaten to steal away the

(*Continued on page* 28)

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—*Kuekes in* The Cleveland Plain Dealer *(1951).*

"Headquarters Speaking."

—*Green in* The Providence Journal *(1952).*

"I've Got a Secret."

To Gen. MacArthur:
In the future all political pronouncements must be cleared with The Government of the United States.
P.S.: Honest, no fooling this time.
HERBLOCK

—*Herblock in* The Washington Post *(1951)*

"File This One with the Others."

The Commander's Case: Aide's-Eye View

"MacArthur: His Rendezvous With History," by Major General Courtney Whitney *(Alfred A. Knopf. 547 pp. $6.75), is a presentation by his aide, of the former U. S. Far Eastern commander's view of developments in that theatre from the conquest of the Philippines to the present. Our reviewer is Brig. Gen. S. L. A. Marshall, chief historian of the European theatre in World War II and operations analyst of the Eighth Army during the Korean hostilities.*

By S. L. A. Marshall

SOMETHING about Major General Courtney Whitney's book "MacArthur: His Rendezvous with History" reminds me of the lines from Lewis Carroll:

"I couldn't afford to learn it," said the Mock Turtle with a sigh. "I only took the regular course."

"What was that?" inquired Alice.

"Reeling and writhing, of course, to begin with," the Mock Turtle replied; "and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision."

The regular course it was for General Whitney. His attempt at a definitive study of Douglas MacArthur's greatest years, instead of being an objective, factual, and human study of a great general contending against the terrible odds which are in the nature of war and chaos in its ruck, is but another gospel done for members of the one true religion. It is laden with worship and with hate. There is one hero, one valiant, clair-sentient, and selfless spirit. Apart from those who follow immediately in his train, the Republic is served by varmints, nitwits, and marplots.

And this is a pity, really, for Whitney had a vast opportunity. During the closing years, he enjoyed a greater share of MacArthur's confidence than any other man. Cherished friend, legal adviser, and chief of a main staff section, he seemed to exercise greater influence over policy than his nominal position would well warrant.

Whitney's highly advantageous position on the inside is in some measure reflected in this lengthy work. In preparing his biased pleading of the MacArthur case—for that is the true nature of this book—Whitney had access to the secret correspondence between GHQ, the Joint Chiefs, the White House, and other pivots of policy. Many of these documents are herein quoted for the first time. Beyond cloaking the work with seeming authority, they also comprise its chief value. Its revelation of the extent to which timidity and defeatism gripped our Government for almost two months following the defeat in Nort Korea should shock every Americai

That inexcusable wavering in cris was sensed and resented by everyor in Korea at the time, as was the fa that GHQ remained conspicuous silent during those dark weeks wh shattered regiments needed to be to that they would be sustained and tl battle would be won.

Apart from the fact that the Whi ney book is a fuller exposure of o worst hour of weakness than a other, it differs little from earli volumes which came but to pra Caesar. It is not biography; it beg with the conquest of the Philippii and carries to the present. It is truly a command study; there is most nothing of substance here ab the fighting problem of armies or method by which MacArthur achie staff unity and made ranks resp to his will. It is not history; fo it had to be evaluated as such, would have to use the words of He Adams: "I find it so replete with e that I have no choice but to go al with it."

One or two illustrations should fice. On page 420, Whitney says: of November 26, 1950, MacArthur sent Washington his last warning the following day the Red Chi struck." The fact: on the nigh November 25, the Eighth Army lided head-on with a Red Chi

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offensive and by the following day it was defeated.

Paraphrasing Bernard Baruch, one would suggest that if an author seeks belief in the virtue of his judgments, he should be right about his facts. But by shifting a few dates, it becomes possible to twist a case. We continue on page 423: "The lights of the American Embassy burned even than later on the night of December 1. MacArthur was holding one of his most important conferences of the war. . . . Walker and Almond had flown in from the front. The military situation on both fronts was carefully explored. And despite the pessimism of the 'experts' on the newspapers and in the Pentagon, both Walker and Almond were optimistic. Walker felt that he could hold at least the Pyongyang area. Almond, *who had not yet been subjected to the full force of the enemy's counter-offensive in the northeast,* felt that the 1st Marine Division could press forward to the corridor that the enemy had used in the west and attack him from the rear."

Here are the facts: By December 1, Walker's Army had been beaten on the Chongchon, its ROK Corps had disintegrated and the whole line had disengaged and was withdrawing; on November 28, Almond's X Corps had been hard hit and become besieged along its entire length; by December 1, it had no alternative but withdrawal. Surely Whitney, who sneers at "experts" though he tries to speak as one, must know these things. If my memory serves, the conference to which he alludes occurred on November 6. What I know of it came personally from General Walker. The shifting of the date helps "the case," implying a greater steadiness in situation than was in fact present.

To cavil about such errors would be footling, if they came but of careless research, rather than of deliberate design, and the book were otherwise dispassionate and well-reasoned. It is not so. When Whitney lacks evidence as to what villain is frustrating his chief, he simply guesses, as on page 371 where he says: "So the likely person to bear the enormous blame for this incalculable mistake would seem to be . . . Dean Acheson." The limit in absurdity is reached in his argument which defends MacArthur for saying the Red Chinese would not enter the war. It goes like this: MacArthur assumed that Red China would not come in because it would not dare face an all-out effort by the United States. But some traitor in Washington had wigwagged Peiping there would be no such risk, and therefore the enemy had better information.

The quoting of a few lines is sufficient to convey the tone which prevails throughout.

On Bataan: "While MacArthur, alone of all the commanders in the Pacific, was stopping the enemy in his tracks, he was being sacrificed in Washington."

On the situation which followed the attempt to reach the Yalu: "Yet retrieve this near-disastrous situation in Korea is what MacArthur . . . did."

This last claim clamors for comment. The perfect general has not yet been born. Hannibal couldn't make up his mind in front of Rome. Caesar, by his wasteful forays into Britain, almost lost Gaul. As for the Great American Soldier, if those who are concerned mainly with proving the infallibility of his generalship must insist that his conduct of the North Korean campaign crowned his preeminence, those who cannot agree have a duty so to say.

To my mind, North Korea was one of the most badly conceived military enterprises in our history, as to its ignoring of the main implications in the enemy situation, and its wide front deployment in the face of the unknown. It was doomed to disaster by mistaken generalship and redeemed by the steadfast courage of thousands of young Americans, riflemen, squad and battalion leaders.

This is said with all respect to General Walker and those who commanded his main battle formations. They had and they kept a soldier's faith. The darkened hour but made their light shine more brightly. It was my job, at that time, to analyze, for operational purposes, what happened to this Army and X Corps in the North. From my detailed knowledge of what happened, I would have to object that General Whitney doesn't know what he is talking about.

The "brilliant" withdrawal movement, which in his judgment reflects luster upon GHQ, was not brilliant. It was desperate, and in its worst parts, unorganized. Salvation came of on-the-spot decisions by junior men. It had not been forseen as a possibility and staved by prescient staff planning, as Whitney alleges; it was forced upon an ill-prepared Army which saved itself only because the wisdom, patriotism, and heroism in average Americans came to flood in the hour of greatest emergency.

Eighth Army and X Corps were put on a limb by the inexorable nature of an order. They survived, with credit to the nation, because of their own merit. It was not high-level genius but noble personal sacrifice which delivered them from their ordeal, and when that is either forgotten or discounted by those who write of them, the narrow pride which makes it possible invites contempt.

A BITTER DEFENSE: *Here are some excerpts from Major General Courtney Whitney's book "MacArthur":*

• • "Frank Murphy, as High Commissioner of the Philippines, betrayed his jealousy of MacArthur's stature in the Islands by initiating a personal campaign of pressure on President Roosevelt to [remove] the general."

• • "The [Roosevelt] Administration, deliberately or not, subjected [MacArthur] and his men to one of the cruelest deceptions of the war. Not only were no large reinforcements sent to the Philippines, but, more important, the Administration *never intended to send them and concealed the fact that they would not be sent.*"

• • "No announcement of this decision [to surrender the Philippines temporarily to the enemy] was sent to the man responsible for the defense of the Philippines. Instead, the news was merely hinted at in a message from Marshall."

• • "Had we had any policy in China? There our only accomplishment since World War II had been the Great Mistake. How George Marshall, a military man, could have made *the* mistake that is the nightmare of all soldiers—underestimating the enemy—MacArthur would never understand."

• • "Aside from gross negligence on the part of both Joint Chiefs of Staff and the State Department, the only alternative answer to the mystery [of why President Truman was not informed of MacArthur's intention to visit Formosa] is the improbable one that the President himself, or a White House official close to him, was intentionally lying in accusing MacArthur of not informing Washington ahead of time."

• • "No one has questioned the right of Mr. Truman, as President, to remove MacArthur, although millions have questioned his judgment. But the form his action took established a new and incredible low in military precedent and procedure. . . . I have never seen the order committing Napoleon to exile, but I dare say that it exuded greater warmth and was couched in terms reflecting higher honor than that [sent] MacArthur to spend the funds necessary to take him to an oblivion of his own selection."

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Buffie's Story

"My Brother Adlai," by Elizabeth Stevenson Ives and Hildegarde Dolson *(William Morrow. 308 pp. $4), offers the reminiscences of the sister of the candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination. Bess Furman, who reviews it here, covers the Washington scene for the* New York Times.

By Bess Furman

TIMED as it is, "My Brother Adlai," by Elizabeth Stevenson Ives, the sister of the announced candidate for the 1956 Democratic nomination, inevitably is a campaign book. Quite naturally, it is as all for Adlai as an adoring sister can be. Precisely as phrased on the dust-jacket, it is "an affectionate portrait of a distinguished American." But it is also an autobiography of Mrs. Ives, sister and official hostess of Adlai Stevenson when he is an official.

It's a gay book, teeming with the anecdotes which all the Stevensons from Grandfather Adlai—Cleveland's Vice President—on down, know so well how to tell. With the Stevenson upperclass way of life and the family habit of holding high office, the book becomes a valuable social history per se. Should Adlai Stevenson win the nomination and election, it would, of course, become an original source for a future span of White House social history. And Mrs. Ives presumably would join the small but loyal line of sisters who have served there as hostesses for Presidents—Mary McElroy, sister of Chester A. Arthur, and Rose Cleveland, who bowed out to a White House bride.

Hildegarde Dolson, co-author, serves in "My Brother Adlai" solely as collaborator—and a good one. To her presumably goes the credit for organizing the book which hopscotches over twenty years so subtly and logically they are scarcely missed. The childhood and youth of Adlai and the sister he nicknamed Buffie are told with a total recall certain to breed nostalgia in all who were growing up in America at the same time. The years in the Governor's mansion at Springfield and the 1952 campaign are as fresh as yesterday. Missing are the years when Mrs. Ives was abroad as the wife of a U.S. diplomat.

This makes possible treating every main fact of her brother's life except his broken marriage. On this question Mrs. Ives merely says that her brother married Ellen Borden in 1928 and that they had three sons. She quotes the statement Stevenson made to the press early in his governorship —"due to the incompatibility of our lives Mrs. Stevenson feels that a separation is necessary" . . . a step being taken "with the highest mutual respect." The author added, "My brother locks his deepest feelings inside himself and I respect his reticence." One further sisterly comment was that her brother had said in a speech, "I like my job; it has been worth the painful sacrifices."

However, the Stevenson story since the divorce has been somewhat complicated by the fact that Republican Ellen Borden Stevenson sometimes steps out of the high mutual respect role to make the headlines with political pot-shots at her former husband.

It might seem to Stevenson supporters that in this campaign year Mrs. Ives from her vantage point might have gone more deeply into the subject on the side of her brother. It remains for Chicago friends of the two families to remark, as they have in the past, that Ellen Borden grew up in a monied elite which literally had the red carpet rolled out before faring forth—and that she was, besides, a poet of talent, allergic to the rough-and-tumble of politics as it swept through the Governor's mansion.

Apparently Adlai's sister had to play it Adlai's way, which is in the upper octaves of ethics. For instance, she disclosed the extent to which her brother refused to "play politics" with the Korean war in the 1952 campaign. In an August inner-policy meeting, she said, he decided if he were elected he would go immediately to Korea. But he would by no means make political advantage by telling the public. She remarked that two months later Republican candidate Eisenhower "made his 'I will go to Korea' pronouncement."

Aside from a few such political barbs, Mrs. Ives's book strikes a common chord from seaboard to seaboard, likely to be conducive to her brother's candidacy. Young Adlai and his sister Buffie lived in Illinois, summered in the North, wintered in the South, sampled ranch life in the West, and toured Europe with the Best Families of the East. On their maternal or Republican relatives' side, the family link with Abraham Lincoln was deep and enduring. And can the Ladies of the Right be wholly belligerent when Adlai Stevenson's own grandmother was four times the President-General of the Daughters of the American Revolution?

But perhaps the greatest common denominator on display was the family sense of humor. It runs through the book as it has done through the campaign speeches of Adlai Stevenson.

Law: East and West

"We the Judges," by William O. Douglas *(Doubleday. 480 pp. $6), is a study by the U. S. Supreme Court justice comparing American and Indian constitutional law. It is reviewed below by Fred Rodell, professor of law at Yale and author of "Nine Men," a recent study of the Supreme Court.*

By Fred Rodell

NO imagination-stretching is needed today to picture one of those financially fecund foundations awarding a "project grant" to a team of scholars to spend their full time for two or three years on a comparative study of American and Indian constitutional law, complete with all the important cases from both countries, and rounded for publication into a written report of roughly 200,000 words. But this has been accomplished in an extraordinary book by one extraordinary man. With the help of one assistant on the Indian material, William O. Douglas did it all in something less than a year, between assorted world-traveling, mountain-climbing, article-writing, book-reviewing, and speech-making—not to mention carrying on, effectively and often brilliantly, his full duties as an associate justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.

"We the Judges: Studies in American and Indian Constitutional Law from Marshall to Mukherjea," was originally fashioned as a series of lectures, which Douglas delivered at the University of Calcutta last July. Aimed at an Indian audience, the American cases that make up the bulk of the book will be largely familiar to U.S. lawyer-readers. Yet so deftly does Douglas order and handle them that familiarity breeds no boredom. The

Justice Douglas—"no condescension."

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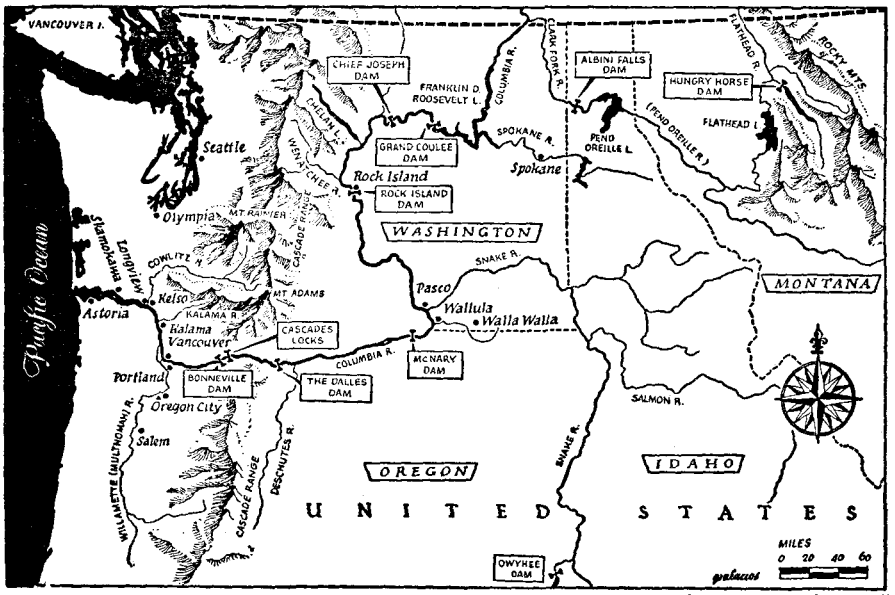
brisk, pithy accounts of decisions, the occasional edged comments on them, the more frequent and more subtle side-of-the-mouth references, as to "a sharply divided Court," all give freshness to stuff that might else have sounded stale. And six busy years' worth of India's young constitutional law, as Douglas weaves it in and around its comparable U.S. counterparts, throws even our oldest cases into new perspective.

For India has already dealt, during her brief span of independence, with much of what took us decades to develop. Her Constitution, drafted in part with an eye to avoiding some of the legal conflicts spawned by ours, is more detailed and more precise. Thus, in place of our "due process" clauses: "No person shall be deprived of his life or personal liberty except according to procedure established by law." The omission of "property" (though another clause subjects it to "authority of law"), the specification of "personal" liberty, and the substitution of "procedure" for "process" seem clearly to bar abuse of the clause by judges, to shield business from social legislation—as our "due process" clauses were long abused.

Yet no amount of verbal detail or precision can keep live issues from coming to court, there as here. And as Douglas sees it, India is sometimes ahead of us, sometimes behind. Her courts have struck down religious and racial "quota systems" for admission to schools, but have upheld a law which banned bigamous marriages for one sect and not for another. Douglas finds this last decision "bewildering" —but concedes that some U.S. decisions may be just as bewildering to India's legal clan.

In a short review of so impressive a work, it is perhaps unfair to pick out points to criticize. I cannot resist two. I wish Douglas had seen fit to balance his 1781 quote from Thomas Jefferson, about the dangers of unbridled legislative power, with a well-known 1803 quote from Jefferson about the dangers of unbridled judicial power. And I wish especially that he had not begun his book with a too-brief-to-be-effective attack on the philosophy of Justice Holmes—an attack later tempered by several obviously approved quotes from the great skeptic. But I have nothing save admiration for the way the book ends—a powerful plea for the protection of civil liberties by "independent and courageous" judges, East or West. In stark contrast to the futilitarian defeatism of the late Justice Jackson's recent posthumous volume about the Supreme Court, Douglas declares: "The court that fails to stand before the mob is not worthy of the great tradition."



—From "The Columbia."

Many-Rivered Stream

"The Columbia," by Stewart H. Holbrook *(Rinehart. 393 pp. $5), a new volume of the Rivers of America Series, harvests the lore of the Far West's mightiest stream.*

By Murray Morgan

ADMIRERS of the Columbia have long fretted over the fact that the nation's most powerful river has not been the subject of a book in the Rivers of America Series, while lesser streams, such as the Chagres, the Winooski, and the Kaw, which could easily be lost in some of the Columbia's irrigation ditches, have been so honored.

Now, at last, as the fiftieth title, the house of Rinehart has got around to the River of the West. The wait was worthwhile. Stewart Holbrook, an Oregonian by adoption, has written what may well be the best book of the series.

The Columbia, more than 1200 miles long and draining an area of a quarter million square miles, winding through two countries, its history entangled in a conflict of empires, is a difficult river to cover in a single book. It is, in effect, many different rivers—the river of the marten trappers on the Canadian Big Bend, of gill-net fishermen killing Chinooks at Astoria, of empire builders and Indian chiefs, of loggers and steamboat hands, of Dukhobor Sons of Freedom at Brilliant who still set fire to schoolhouses, and A.E.C. technicians at Hanford who may set fire to the world.

Holbrook deals with them all in a book without a dull page. There are concise, colorful essays on logging, salmon, wheat farming, and steamboating, and even more colorful descriptions of the Skid Road spots where the men who toiled disported themselves when not bucking wheat, or logs, or white water. If the author short-changes any phase of the Columbia it is that dealing with dams and the politics of hydro-electric power. The Bonneville Power Administration is not discussed.

The book is studded with wonderful portraits of pioneer types, successful and otherwise, virtuous and otherwise, from Hall Jackson Kelley, "the strange and consecrated character who considered himself God's own messenger in respect to the settlement of the Oregon Country," to Joseph (Bunco) Kelly, a notorious crimp and murderer, who once distinguished himself by shanghaiing eight corpses and passing them off as drunks, at fifty dollars a head, to the skipper of a waiting misery ship.

Yes, they're all here: from David Thompson, the Welsh explorer and trader who temporarily forced his teetotal views on the rum-soaked Northwest Company, to the enterprising Nancy Boggs, who made history by running a fancy-houseboat in the middle of the placid Williamette, opposite downtown Portland.

Holbrook writes of these people, and their ways of life, with a fine, wry mixture of gusto and nostalgia. If the old logger's Columbia is buried behind the dams, as he fears, at least its flavor is preserved in his pages.

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The Elevation of Dostoievsky

ON February 9 Fyodor Dostoievsky, one of the greatest of the world's novelists, will be officially elevated from the oblivion into which the Soviet critics have been forced to condemn him. It is typical of the monolithic mentality of the leaders of Russia that they should resurrect this neurotic and epileptic genius who knew, if anyone can know, the soul and the mind of man without explanation or apology. They will, doubtless, place his effigy on the summit of whatever Hall of Fame the Kremlin plans to erect. The Western world should and will rejoice at what appears on the surface to be a return to sanity. A special commission has been appointed to conduct on this day the elaborate celebration of the Seventy-Fifth Anniversary observance of Dostoievsky's death. The Institute of World Literature will conduct a special academic session, dedicated to the theme of the basic problems of his works; the Universities will follow suit in conducting sessions of learned councils on selected subjects. There will be exhibits of his life and works. The apartment in which he lived will become a shrine; Moscow will have a Dostoievsky Street. His books will be republished by the State. The critics are busy erasing the condemnatory essays they have written to follow the Party line and are writing new ones; the playwrights are busy composing tragedies and comedies based on his work.

It is, of course, obvious that this hullabaloo is presumed to be a devastating move in the current war between national cultures. But anyone who takes the trouble to examine the life of Dostoievsky and his moral and religious conceptions may smile sardonically at this outrageous attempt to mold him into the image of the Soviet man determined to enslave the entire world in the name of Communism, despotism, and atheism. In his youth he had conceived of a Utopian Society which did not in the least resemble Communism. He was sent into ten years of exile in Siberia as a prospectively dangerous man; but, writes Abraham Yarmolinsky in his preface to "The Possessed," "he conceived his novel at first as a political lampoon, a pamphlet against revolution. Before long he adopted a definitely conservative stand and took it upon himself, both as publicist and novelist, to combat the radical tendencies of the day. His own creed was built upon the belief that the Christian principle of brotherly love was capable of solving all the problems of mankind." Like many Russians, and Americans too, he sensed that his vast country was destined to play a great part in the world; but Russia, he believed, was to be a land dominated by Czarist autocracy and the Orthodox Church. The neo-Russian critics, it would appear, may have considerable difficulty with "The Possessed," especially with the fact that Dostoievsky presented a copy to the Czar's son, Alexander, telling him that he had tried to prove that the revolutionary movement was created by "the divorce of the educated classes from the masses."

Actually, if one reads "Crime and Punishment," certainly one of the significant novels of all times, this small man, racked by illness and by poverty, for he had an insatiable passion for roulette which his wife could not cure, seems to assume the stature of a giant, who did indeed love all mankind and especially the hopeless, the downtrodden, the debased, whether they were sex-ridden or tormented by nightmares of murder. "Raskolnikov, in this novel," Ernest J. Simmons writes, "like the Socialists, has to learn that he could not order his life on a self-willed plan of reason. Instead of living life he had substituted reason for life, which had led him to commit a horrible crime, a crime of the intellect. Happiness cannot be achieved by a reasoned plan of existence, but must be earned through suffering." It is obvious that Mr. Simmons and many other critics and prefacers of Dostoievsky's novels the last few years are not inventing phrases to annoy Communist critics, or to make more difficult the task of turning Dostoievsky into a suppressed revolutionist or an inspired predecessor of Marx and Engels. As one continues to look into their analyses of the novels and of the man who created them the evidence is only too obvious that if Dostoievsky were alive and writing today he would be in jail or living in the West.

MAURICE BARING expresses the opinion of many of Dostoievsky's latter-day critics, which would be anathema to Communist writers. "His books resemble Greek tragedies by the magnitude of the spiritual adventures they set forth; they are unlike Greek tragedies in the Christian charity and faith and hope which goes out of them."

Dostoievsky would have been a different man if he had not met with two disasters early in his life. In his youthful ardor he had joined a group to discuss Utopian socialism. He was arrested with thirty-three others, sent to prison for eight months and taken out to be shot. He stood on the scaffold in a white shroud before the firing squad, waiting for the fatal moment. Then suddenly they were reprieved; one man was insane. Then he was sent to a filthy, degrading camp in Siberia where his incipient epilepsy reached the point where the attacks were recurrent every few days. He was, one of his critics wrote with perhaps more wit than truth, "a revolutionary who wanted to be a reactionary, and a reactionary who wanted to be a revolutionary."

It is a grim jest that this man who would, from every evidence we have from his biographers, have found the Communism was intolerable and hateful will soon be the subject of literary evenings in Moscow and elsewhere and that his work will be the subject of false lectures held in clubs and Houses of Rest and Culture.

—H. S

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LETTERS FROM READERS

INCORRECT SOURCE

In his editorial, "Do You Believe in Missionaries?" [SR Jan. 14], Satis Prasad cites the following passage as coming from the Old Testament: "Whatever you do not wish your neighbor to do to you do not unto him." The fact of the matter is that the passage in this negative form does not appear in the Old Testament at all. The Golden Rule as it appears in the Jewish Scriptures is found in Leviticus 19:18 in the words, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Rabbinic literature does record the story of a pagan who came to the sage Hillel and asked to learn the entire Torah while he is standing on one foot. Hillel's response was, "That which is hateful to you, do not do unto your neighbors. This is the entire Torah. As for the rest, go and study." But this was an interpretation and not a quotation. Perhaps Satis Prasad knew this story when he mistakenly ascribed it to the Old Testament.

Rabbi Nathan Gaynor.
Kenmore, N.Y.

A SHINING BEACON

During a rather damp and depressing week which brought the returns of the Virginia vote, announcement of more atomic tests, and the Dulles "brink of war" article in *Life*, "The Plan of Satis Prasad" was like a clear, shining beacon cutting through the fog of reaction and threatened annihilation. Indeed, it could hardly have appeared at a more sorely needed moment. Possibly some Christians will feel strongly indignant because moral teachings of Hinduism and Christianity are placed side by side. I'm all for such comparative study and fully agree that it is unChristian not to know more about other religions.

Mary Elizabeth Jones.
Portland, Me.

SATIS IS NOT ALONE

Do you suppose Satis Prasad would be surprised to know that there are Christians in America who do see the Christian paradox he sees, who believe as deeply as their ancestors in the early sixteenth century that the call of Christ is not an aspiration but a personal call to a life of positive love and brotherhood and a life in conflict with the evils of society? He should know one of their missionaries, to Japan, as a matter of fact, now on furlough making clearer to us brethren that "as a follower of the Lord Jesus, I will accept responsibility for all that is wrong in my environment; will accept responsibility for the sins of my nation; will never be quite comfortable with a full stomach, physically or spiritually, while my brother goes hungry," and with the prophetic message that "justice shall roll down; that it is written into the very heart of the universe; that we can let it trickle through our valleys in a gentle, healing, stream or that we can dam it up, until it must explode forth in a wild, mad holocaust, spewing destruction before it, but that justice shall roll down."

In many things he said, Satis Prasad is not alone.

Jay B. Landis.
Cleveland, O.

RESPONSIBLE WRITING

I wish to express my appreciation for the beauty and sense of human essence communicated by N. C.'s editorial, "The Plan of Satis Prasad." He has written responsibly.

Michael J. Flack.
Vassar College.
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

WELCOMES PRASAD

As an American Christian I would certainly welcome Satis Prasad and his message to our country.

Elaine Rich.
Hyattsville, Md.

THE NATURE OF CHRISTIANITY

I was much disturbed at the editorial, "Do You Believe in Missionaries?" I believe that it presents two false assumptions, unchallenged, about the nature of Christianity.

In the first place, it leads one to think that the Christian religion is, in essence, a moral system. This is not implicit in any of the great writings of the faith. Christianity is the congregation of those who believe that God entered history as a man, Jesus Christ, in order "to reconcile the world unto Himself." It believes that this man is living now continuing the work of salvation. A personal relationship to the living Christ, it affirms, is the means by which man can conquer the prison of his own selfhood and live in harmony with others whom God loves equally. Good deeds are the aftermath of the experience of the grace of God in a man's life.

Second, Satis Prasad seems to imply that Christianity is synonymous with American culture. This again contradicts the nature of Christianity. The church is conceived of as having a mission to become a community of all men, who are in Christ. There is a community of Christians in every country in the world. America, like other nations, has Christian people and non-Christian people. While it is true that many Christian ideas have been assimilated by Western culture, the Christian community affirms that Jesus Christ, the living Presence, is not limited to any segment of the world's population.

Norma Ramsay Jones.
Princeton, N.J.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"I ought to go now. I'm leading a crucial battle against the Huns tomorrow."

TOYNBEE'S THEME

The article "New Vistas for the Historian," by Arnold Toynbee [SR Jan. 7], not only displays Toynbee's eloquence and originality but is happily free of the obscurantism which sometimes clouds his writing. The greatest minds of our century—notably, Russell, Einstein, and Dewey—have agreed upon Toynbee's theme. Scientific developments have thrust upon the human race two alternatives: either adapt our cultures or face racial death. Mankind cannot stumble on indefinitely, clinging to divisive tribal loyalties and superstitions, and successfully cope with the problem of war.

C. W. Griffin.
Erlton, N.J.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

A Tale of Sound and Fury, Illustrated

HOW wonderful of the Producers Theatre to bring us such an unfamiliar piece of classic theatre as **"Tamburlaine the Great,"** Christopher Marlowe's first play written in 1586. The present version is an adaptation by Tyrone Guthrie and Donald Wolfit which condenses Marlowe's exotic geography, hyperbolic verse, and bloody horrors into one evening's span.

Marlowe spread his chain of spectacular events over two full-length plays. The first dealt with the rise of Tamburlaine, a fourteenth-century Scythian conqueror.

Play Number Two, written because of the enthusiastic reception accorded the first, shows us the elder Tamburlaine infuriated by the death of his beloved wife Zenocrate into further barbarism and conquest. It also shows him killing one of his three sons for cowardice and effeminacy (Marlowe himself was supposedly homosexual). And, finally, it reveals his death, which comes from the sheer exhaustion of the heat and moisture in his blood. He warns his two remaining sons that they must either continue to rule by deeds of horror or be destroyed by his host of enemies who will seize on any let-up as a sign of weakness and avenge themselves upon the sons of their hated conqueror.

Tamburlaine, on the other hand, gives no sign of wanting a less barbaric or fear-free world. He considers his martial nature to be his purest virtue, and in the maintenance of it he surpasses the gods who on occasion have yielded to the attraction of beauty to become momentarily effeminate.

Another good reason for attending "Tamburlaine" is to view the performing skill of a distinguished British actor and a supporting company and production crew that will give you some idea of why the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespeare Festival has been so much more successful than our own. Anthony Quayle, who plays Tamburlaine, is a strong and intelligent thespian whose eyes flash fire and who rumbles Tamburlaine's long speeches with clarity and zest.

The rest of the company includes Coral Browne, another British import who plays the wife of Bajazeth with credible nobility, and Canadian actors Donald Davis, who makes a memorable Agydas; Lloyd Bochner, who plays both the Soldan of Egypt and the cowardly son of Tamburlaine with facility; Robert Goodier, who seems an authoritative Governor of Babylon; and Barbara Chilcott, whose Zenocrate is both inscrutably Egyptian and emotion-filled.

Likewise director Tyrone Guthrie, scene-designer Leslie Hurry, and a crack production crew have caught much of the exotic flavor of Tamburlaine's era. Note the colorful lion-headed chariot pulled by captive kings ("Holla, you pampered jades of Asia"). And effective too is the startling effect of watching arrows shot into a man who writhes in pain as he hangs suspended by his arms high above the stage.

MR. Guthrie, who often goes too far in his zeal for obviously theatrical effects, has in "Tamburlaine" used more restraint. As a result the chain of horrors is accomplished with no snickers from the audience. While he has carefully kept Tamburlaine himself free of humor, he has imbued many of the other characters with comic personalities in order to give the play relief from grimness. On the debit side, much of the movement seems there merely for decorative purposes, and one wonders if, despite the pictorial grace of the scenery, the imaginative cannonading of Marlowe's golden verse might not fare better on a sceneryless open stage like the one at Stratford, Ontario.

This "Tamburlaine the Great" has more surface color than dramatic cause and effect. Tamburlaine's only antagonists besides the ineffectual kings who oppose him is his love for Zenocrate, which momentarily tempts him into thoughts of mercy towards her country. But these he quickly subdues as unseemly to his sex and his discipline of arms. And for none of his actions is he ever brought to repentance or to shame. There is a hint of religious heresy in the ultimatum put to Mahomet ("But if Tamburlaine die your glories are disgraced, Earth droops and says that hell in heaven is plac'd"). From this one wonders if Tamburlaine's punishment may not be a madness in which he feels called upon to surpass God in power and purity of spirit. The latter idea if emphasized might give "Tamburlaine the Great" a dramatic focus and make it more than the pure spectacle it now seems.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Foolish Notions

A COUPLE of years ago Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, a writing, producing, and directing team, took to themselves the task of drafting appropriate material for the talents of Danny Kaye who, until they came along, had seldom found a Hollywood vehicle that allowed him enough free wheeling and sharp cornering. The new combination, which included Sylvia Fine (Mrs. Kaye) for song numbers, first came up with "Knock on Wood," one of the funniest of Danny Kaye pictures. Their second joint venture is **"The Court Jester,"** and it is also a very funny picture. One of the shocking realities that comedians often have to face is that they are dependent upon their material. Without it they are likely to seem like concertos made up entirely of cadenzas—no form, in other words. Mr. Kaye evidently faced the reality, so far as his movies were concerned, and he owes some thanks to Panama and Frank for his comic resurrection.

Under the mildest of pressure Panama and Frank have admitted that their method includes allowing Danny Kaye some latitude to improvise, and there's no doubt that some of the funny business, which includes swordplay with Basil Rathbone and a drill session with the American Legion Zouaves of Richard F. Smith Post #29, Jackson, Michigan—all of them dressed up as twelfth-century knights —is spur-of-the-moment stuff. But the buffoonery is kept within the bounds of a take-off on medieval horse-operas and knight-errantry in general. The intricate plot manages to encompass just about all of the known mutations of the basic genre.

There is the Purple Pimpernel, to be found on the posterior of the infant heir-apparent to the throne of England; there is the Black Fox, daring leader of the true cause. There is also the witch Griselda and her powerful potions; the beautiful maid Jean (Glynis Johns, who has appeared in several of the more serious of these epics), and the evil courtiers (Basil Rathbone, *et al.*). There are much negotiating of moats, scaling of walls, fancy jousting, and a final attack on the impregnable castle made by several hundred midgets, dressed up as yeomanry.

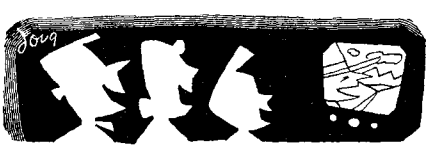
The attack on knighthood in flower so thorough, as a matter of fact, that it sometimes seems laid on more with trowel than broadsword. A few of the notions are more foolish than funny, but it's all done with so much energy and dexterity that practically anyone is liable to find himself enjoying it, albeit helplessly at times.

* * *

Kaye's competition this week is provided by Alec Guinness, who appears in **"The Ladykillers,"** an English movie bearing a superficial resemblance to "The Lavender Hill Mob." It has some funny moments, but hardly of a high-spirited variety, and I am afraid that even Mr. Guinness is also dependent upon his material. "The Ladykillers" seems not too ingeniously contrived, particularly when compared with "The Lavender Hill Mob" and "The Captain's Paradise," and some of the trouble is due, probably, to reliance on stereotypes.

Guinness, this time, is seen as a mad criminal genius in charge of a gang of thieves bent upon robbing an armored car. He enlists, for this aim, a dear old lady (Katie Johnson) who rents rooms and keeps cockatoos and parrots, and, as one might suspect, the old lady balls things up. But it's growing more and more difficult to enlist one's interest for very long in standardized fey old ladies, mad criminals, and dumb gangsters with hearts of gold. Everything is done neatly and well, but the material is simply too thin to allow for many bellylaughs. In fact, some of the more amusing touches are provided by a cockatoo who ought to be in pictures more often.

Guinness himself is nearly obscured by his makeup, and perhaps he had some private joke in mind when he made himself up to resemble Alastair Sim playing a mixture of Scrooge and the phantom of the opera. His teeth protrude, his hair is gray and lank, his eyes are wild, and his manner jittery. I may have missed nuances in the performance, but since I regard myself as a Guinness-fancier I think I might automatically have been on his side, if I'd been given enough to go on. Danny Kaye wins this week, due to the better handling from his corner. —HOLLIS ALPERT.



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TV AND RADIO

Keep Them Shoulders Down

WHEN I used to take golf lessons at the age of ten, possibly twelve—with every expectation of turning into a Ben Hogan—the Irish pro, all 230 pounds of one Marty O'Loughlin, kept saying: "The trouble with you, kid, is that you press, and when you don't press you pull, and sometimes you press and pull both at the one time." So I never became another Ben Hogan or even a Sam Snead. I just couldn't seem to ease up on that muscular tension and achieve the cool coordination that lays 'em down the fairway, 300 yeards at a clip. I couldn't get it through my thick head what relaxation was all about.

I often think of the flubbed drives and the hooks and slices when I listen to the hucksters on radio or TV, and I wish old Marty were around to give them a going-over. "Keep them shoulders down," he would say, "don't heist 'em up and get yourself all twisted round. Easy does it every time."

But those behind the microphones or in front of the TV cameras don't seem to want it this way. They press and they pull, usually "both at the one time." They flub and hook and slice or fan the air. Up come the shoulders and they get all tied up in bow-knots, trying to lambaste it from here to Macon with a single swing. From where I sit, the result is not a hole in one. It's either the bunker on the left or the rough on the right, if the shot gets off the tee at all. Sometimes it is just a plain case of overshooting the green.

The commercial plugger speaks with the top of his voice, and this is the easiest way to get to shouting and ranting. He proceeds as if he were conducting a revival meeting, but the old-time evangelist had the advantage of being able to pound and thump at the same time, thus giving his listeners and viewers some welcome distraction. On TV you can at least look at the pattern of the fellow's necktie or watch him drawing pictures on a blackboard like a teacher in grade school, but on radio, which cannot summon these visual aids, all you can do is bend your ears.

He says the most undisputed things in such a solemn and pontifical way that he sounds like an autocrat at his own breakfast table, festooned about with all the pep-producing cereals on the market. Or when he suddenly decides to get cozy and take you into his confidence, addressing you as "Friends, comma," in the approved fireside fashion, he turns on that voice-with-a-smile. But you take this with a grain of table salt (the kind that never gets lumps in it) because you have a suspicion that almost any reputable stain-remover could rub it off in half a second.

And dearly he loves to repeat himself. After a simple pronouncement he likes to say it all over again, prefacing the second round by adding a *Yes*, although he stretches it out so that it turns into *Y-e-s*: "Believe me it is flavorful, y-e-s, flavorful." "Colorful" is another favorite. Whenever such a gimmick is used in polite conversation it is to imply assent, or register agreement, on the part of the listener. The unseen audience, however, has not given, and cannot give, this assent, but the obvious and most refined retort would be "Oh, yeah?"

Marty called this tactic pressing and pulling and heisting the shoulders, but it is also called straining for effect or overshooting the mark. In the theatre, likewise in the better radio and TV dramas, even those labeled "suspenseful," they recognize the virtue of underplaying when the situation calls for it, and almost any young salesman or advertising neophyte has been counselled to the effect that the best way to sell something is to appear not to be selling it at all. Didn't there used to be something about leading a horse to water and then leaving him alone to do his own drinking?

But with their perorations and exhortations, the commercial artists get all hot and hortatory about it. They urge, plead, wheedle, cajole, incite, even just plain beg, as they keep pounding it out and telling you to do this or get that, reminding you all the while of what's "good for you." They have developed to the very peak of perfection the fine art of irritating. It's all very much like getting a stone in your shoe or a cinder in your eye, or hitting your sore thumb with a hammer, or chasing that buzzing fly around the room with an ineffective swatter. Nor does artificial applause or piped-in laughter fool anybody any more.

In this commodity-riddled world of additives, detergents, and lubricants, spark plugs, and king-size smokes, tomayto soups and stewed aypricots (apparently the "y" has come to stay), the repeating and reiterating merely serve to raise the coefficient of resistance, and if the effect isn't positively lethal it doesn't fall very far short. The defenseless listener, his blood pressure mounting, insulates himself as best he can, and the words, for all the "message" they carry, might as well be spoken in Choctaw. The ladies further add their bit by adopting a high falsetto and lapsing into what used to be called baby-talk. In the musical department, now presided over by a voice billed as "the Recording Star," the slogan would seem to be "Sing It Again." And they do.

I SEE by the papers that the inventors are busy perfecting a device, on the order of a house-broken time-bomb, whereby you can turn off or black out the commercial and thus get your Debussy or Shakespeare plain. But if you quiet these obtrusive and overzealous tub-thumpers of the airwaves, there will always be the announcers—now two or three to a single show—aided and abetted by the script readers and narrators, the stop-gap artists and routine fillers-in. Although they are not as guilty of pressing and pulling, they never seem to get their backs into it, as they say on the golf course. Their shots are mostly little driblets that roll off the tee and fade away, without a divot to replace.

"*Next* week," they say, bearing down hard, "be sure to hear *another* great story . . .," but they say it in such a perfunctory and apathetic manner that even if you thought the story you just heard was great, you begin to doubt it.

And when most of them read off their wire service releases, all you can think of is the fledgling reciting "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," with his eyes glued to the schoolroom floor. The accent, or lack of it, is depressingly the same, whether the spot news deals with an approaching hurricane, an increase in local bus fares, or the arrest of a blond tigress who trussed up her husband's corpse and dumped it in the river.

A singer whose broadcasts have been as conspicuously successful as her operatic and concert performances, has put it this way: "What you have to do is to *woo* the microphone"; and woo, according to the dictionary, means "sue for the affections of." All very simple. I grant that it would be rather a stint to conduct a nightly affair, in public, with chicken noodles or to embrace a dainty dentifrice with a semblance of rugged passion, but it might be fun trying. Failing the proper response on this one, there are always the staples to work out on, the ballgame, the Pentagon, the weather. It sounds as if you would have quit a diversified love life. But what's the matter with that? —DALE WARREN.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Boris" with two Dimitris—Hess, Paray, Rosza

THERE was, for a novelty, not only a false Dimitri in the Metropolitan Opera's restoration of Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff" (as amended by Karol Rathaus) but also a real one, as the Philharmonic's Mitropoulos applied himself to its conducting problems for the first time. On stage, Albert da Costa acquitted himself creditably as an emergency replacement for Giulio Gari as the seminary student; in the pit, Mitropoulos made the latest in his growing series of operatic endeavors a telling one.

It was, plainly, a major effort on his part, and if the results turned out, theatrically, to be more often minor, the fault was not quite with him. That is to say, he projected a definite conception of the score which had a consistent sound very much related to Moussorgsky's scoring, as reconstituted by Rathaus. Each element of the scoring—strings, woodwind, brass—had its separate plane of sonority. Moreover, Mitropoulos realized well Moussorgsky's conscious purpose in the "Italianate" elements of the Polish scene (to convey a "Western" atmosphere). The contrast with the previous chorus and the following "Polonaise" was clearly drawn.

The unhappy fact was, however, that the vocal elements were only occasionally on the same level as Mitropoulos was working. Save for the beginning and end (where the chorus sang out with a vigor and effect highly creditable to Kurt Adler's preparation) not too much that was dynamic came across the footlights. George Tozzi was an admirable Pimenn, Charles Kullmann an effective Schouisky (in spite of the all-too-evident vocal limits), and Clifford Harvout a capable Ragoni. But the Boris of Jerome Hines, which seemed a striking one when it was in the making two seasons ago, has not developed much in the interim. Indeed, what memory paints as a rather simply drawn effort in which Hines utilized his eloquent voice and imposing presence in a unified way has been encrusted with contrived gestures and verbal ejaculations which do not serve the end intended (as in the Clock Scene").

As everybody knows, "Boris" is not consecutive opera, but a succession of musical tableaux bearing on the same subject, but not organized into consecutive whole. The main characters, for example, do not come face to face, and it is only by a feat of mental agility that the observer can measure their effect upon each other. If the Boris does not cast an invisible shadow over the episodes from which he is absent, dramatic continuity is absent. That, in substance, was the case this time.

Aside from Messrs. Tozzi and Harvuot, the subordinate participants were just that—subordinate. Well-meaning, undoubtedly, but of limited capacity, whether the role in question was the Nurse (Sandra Warfield), Marina (Nell Rankin), or da Costa's inexperienced Grigori ("false Dimitri"). Mildred Miller (Fyodor) and Laurel Hurley (Xenia) were both capable. A particular instance of downgrading was the role of Varlaam, in which Lorenzo Alvary gave a not-too-skilful impersonation of Salvatore Baccaloni. Moussorgsky deserves better. On the credit side, it may be mentioned that more of John Gutman's able English translation was audible than on any past occasion, and Dino Yannapoulos's direction was mostly good, though he cannot make dramatic personalities of people who have not mastered the musical requirements of their roles.

Paul Paray's position as one of the more interesting conductors now working in America was solidified with his guest appearance as director of the Philadelphia Orchestra in mid-January. He offered a program that was typically French in its intellectual premise—a consideration of the symphony as viewed by Samuel Barber, Ernest Chausson, and Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky—but animated by much more than merely scholarship. It was sensitive to musical values in arrangement (Barber's one-movement synthesis was followed by the intimately personal views of Chausson, with a summation in the dramaturgy of the Tchaikovsky F minor, No. 4) as well as in projection of the special values involved.

Performances of the Barber No. 1 are not so frequent that one can categorically rate a reading as perceptive or not, but Paray's made an absorbing experience of the whole. It is, for those who are unacquainted with it, an integration of the classical symphonic elements (first movement, slow, scherzo, and finale) into an unbroken sequence, and Paray made it a sequence as well as unbroken. How highly the orchestra rated his effort could be adduced from its refusal to rise to the applause when he so directed, preferring to add its measure with stand-rapping and hand claps.

The Chausson was more than merely well performed. It was given a leanness of sound, a continuity of texture in which the conductor's admirable gifts of musical intelligence were powered by an emotional absorption of the composer's own singular style. Indeed, so absorbed was Paray in his task that he almost stumbled from the podium at one point in the first movement. The Philharmonic-Symphony will have the opportunity to sample his qualities when Paray comes as guest conductor next season.

The recent appearance of Myra Hess as a piano recitalist in Carnegie Hall was, on the whole, the most successful she has made in the postwar decade. I have not, of course, heard every one of those in the interim, but among a broad sampling I cannot recall another in which she was so consistently in control of her technical faculties or so harmoniously adjusted to the music she played. A sizable if not capacity audience greeted her admiringly, to which she responded with performances, drawn from the trinity of B's, to justify more of the same.

Her beginning with a Bach Adagio in G (otherwise unidentified) was symptomatic of the clear-headed, surehanded performances to follow. The intricate texture was artfully defined, the musical design simply stated. The larger demands of the following D major Toccata were sustained without lapse, with the imperceptible dynamic gradations that marked the best of Hess in prewar days clearly at her command.

To her credit, she played the D minor (Op. 31, No. 2, sometimes called "The Tempest") sonata of Beethoven within her own best dynamic frame, without tonal distortion or excess in pedaling. Her melodic inflection was exemplary, her concept of the composer's phraseology unfailingly suggestive. If it all seemed, sometimes, drawn to a plan rather than freshly, freely felt, it was nevertheless a very good plan. The audience response reached a high point with her playing of the F minor (Op. 5) sonata of Brahms.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

* * *

DALLAS, TEXAS.

IT CAN happen, and did, at a recent Sunday afternoon concert of the Dallas Symphony Orchestra. An audience long taught to be attentive and tolerant of new music, even brand-

(*Continued on page 37*)

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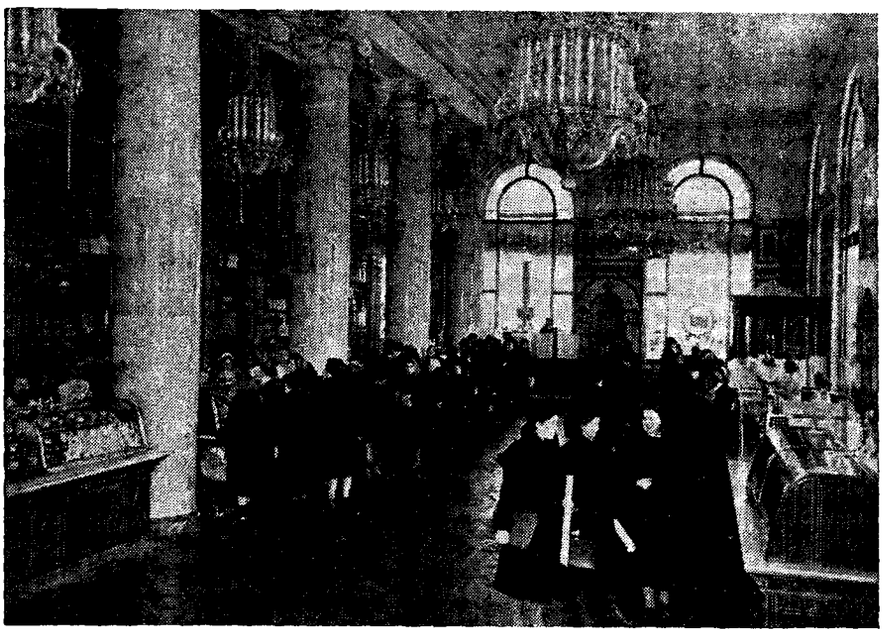
A Tourist in Russia—I



—Sovfoto.

Moscow shoppers—"for a suit a month's salary."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the start of an exclusive series on travel in Russia today. Mr. Sutton, SR's Travel Editor, is the first writer on world tourism to visit Russia. He will appraise the Soviet Union's new program for admitting tourists.*

Moscow.

THE INTERPRETER officially assigned by the government travel bureau to assist and/or shadow me (depending upon how you view it) was a young man of thirty with finely chiseled features, white even teeth, a new wife, a Zorki camera, two overcoats, an ambition to buy a Pobeda motorcar, and a smile that was difficult to coax from the cellar of his soul.

His father, he told me with implied disdain for the opportunities available under the Tsarist regime, was a metalworker, his mother a housewife. But Dimitri, as I shall call him, had lived his thirty years entirely within the chronological limits of the Communist regime. He was a university graduate. He had studied English for five years. He was a classicist. A devotee of fine music. He disdained sports except for Sunday skiing in the Lenin Hills with his wife. He had never seen a ski tow.

While working as an interpreter for Intourist, the Soviet travel bureau, he continued his studies. He was making a specialty of Shakespearean translations. Like everyone of his generation whom I met he followed the Soviet line of atheism. "There was no room for God in my education," he told me. "But even unbelievers," I said, "must wonder sometimes about the miracles of nature." "We have a scientific interpretation for the laws of nature," he told me with some terseness. Twice I caught myself saying "God bless you," when he sneezed. "Here we just wish each other good health," he later told me.

We traveled over 2,000 miles together, from the snows of Moscow down to palm-lined shores of the Black Sea, and back again to the white winters of the northland. Wherever we landed there was a black seven-passenger chauffeur-driven Zim limousine, resembling an elderly Packard, to meet our planes, or to take us on excursions into the surrounding countrysides. Most of the time Dimitri made a point of riding up front with the driver, leaving me to solitary capitalistic splendor in the tonneau. Although he had to twist his neck continually to answer my questions over the chauffeur's partition, he insisted on sitting up front because he could see better. Porters in white aprons tied over their quilted uniforms were always on hand to carry my baggage but Dimitri preferred to lug his own suitcase, which was wrapped in a cloth cover. "I was not brought up a *boyar's* son, he said.

When I wanted to tip waitresses and drivers who had been particularly helpful he dissuaded me. Occasionally he would leave a waiter the small change from a ruble bill. "It is degrading for one person to give money to another," he said. Chauffeurs driving Intourist cars, especially in company with Intourist intepreters, apparently thought so too, for they repeatedly refused my tips. But porters, chambermaids, hotel floor clerks, waiters, and barbers accepted them cheerfully. And one night in an obscure restaurant in an obscure city in the Crimea Dimitri and I watched, he a bit uncomfortably, I suspect, while a Russian diner tipped a Russian musician for playing a requested song.

FIVE tables out of twelve that night were taken with military men. But military or civilian, each male began the meal with a whopping jigger of vodka, swallowed in one gulp, and chased with a goblet of beer, and a nibble of blotting black bread. A pair of teenagers, barely sixteen, one growing a sparse moustache, sauntered in, found the restaurant crowded, and sat at our table without asking. Dimitri criticized them to me for their manners, but said nothing to them. They ordered vodka and beer, but before they could get it down a beefy colonel strode over, his black boots thumping on the floor, and demanded to know how old they were, and why they were drinking hard liquor. They were nineteen, they said. The colonel retreated. The waitress told them not to mind what he had said. They drank the vodka and chased it with beer, but

"For a shirt $12.00."

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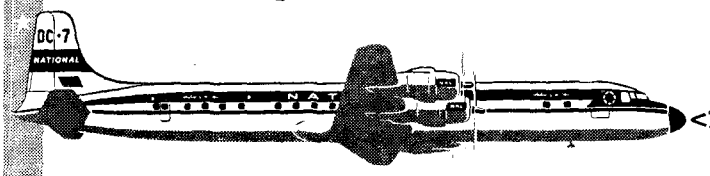

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"For that Russian winter, vodka and beer."

they were desperately self-conscious and barely ate.

After dinner Dimitri and I walked the muddy streets and talked at great length of cabbages and commissars, of Bach and books and bacteriological warfare. We talked of customs and countries, for he had never been outside the Soviet Union, and in a moment of whimsy I asked him if he had ever heard of Russian roulette. It was *not*, he assured me, an indigenous pastime, although he had heard tell of that incredible waste of Western time, gambling. I urged upon him a more temperate attitude for our democratic dalliances. "After all," I reminded him, "there is a principality under Communist control which had been existing, Monaco-like, on the gaming tables of its casino." I told him of San Marino, the little Red-run mountain enclave in Italy, possessor of the only permanent floating Communist crap game in the world. "Impossible!" he insisted. "But true," I countered. "Have you been there?" he asked. "I had," I said. My far travels were a distraction for him in our week-long conversations. "Impossible," he said again, "or else we would have heard about it." "Who," I asked, "is *we*?"

We stopped for a bottle of Krem Coda (cream soda) which cost half a dollar for a bottle for two, and window-shopped the state-owned stores. We saw men's shirts for forty-eight rubles, and simple, sackish men's suits at 1,200 rubles. "That's $12 a shirt, at our exchange," I said. "About two-and-a-half times what I pay for mine. And the suit comes to $300, American money." I showed him the Daks suit I had bought at Simpson's in London for $50. I agreed that it was unfair to translate rubles into dollars at the current exchange. Since he knew my background I asked what someone in a comparative station would earn in Russia. He said he didn't know the earnings of journalists but some engineers (I judged he referred to his

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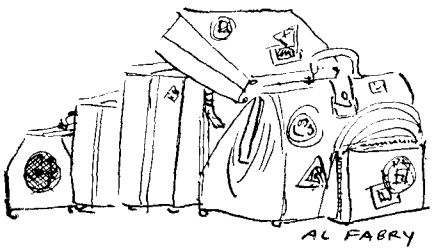
wife) were making 1,500 rubles a month. Interpreters made, I had been told, about 1,200 rubles, but if they study they receive additional income, for in the new Russia students are paid. Although rents by our standards cost next to nothing, a suit costs a month's salary. Overcoats about the same. Dimitri had two, one with a gray karacul collar and karacul-trimmed hat to match. His Zorki camera, a Soviet interpretation of a Leica, costs 700 rubles, two to three weeks of work for him, $175 for me. And there were hopes for a Pobeda, which rather resembles the Henry J. once built by Kaiser-Frazier. Price: 16,000 rubles.

I was, I suspect, a source of some tribulation for Dimitri both for my gaucheries as a foreigner and my sinister intentions as a journalist. Once we rode in our Zim, Dimitri in the front seat alongside the chauffeur, over twisting mountain roads for nearly three hours to reach the airport at Simferopol. The lady representative from Intourist was on hand, and after we had arranged about our baggage I asked Dimitri with what I thought was due propriety the location of the men's room. His eyes bulged and he grasped me by the elbow and propelled me to a corner. "That girl understands English," he said with some exasperation. "I know she does," I answered, "but I merely asked for the men's room." He winced again. "We," said Dimitri, "never mention it in front of women," he said, and while he gave me *sotto voce* directions without ever pointing, I wondered about the irreconcilabilities of the free-love society that the Communists had been building in my young days and the people's prudish republic that has emerged.

AS FOR my sinister intentions, Dimitri discovered them one morning in Yalta when the first sun I had seen since my Scandinavian airliner lifted me out of Stockholm ten days before, broke over the Black Sea coast. I cancelled sightseeing plans and worked the quays with my cameras. When it was done Dimitri turned on me angrily. "Why do you only take pictures of poorly-dressed people and military men?" he boomed. "Anybody who will see your pictures will think that that's all we have in the Soviet Union. Didn't you see any well-dressed



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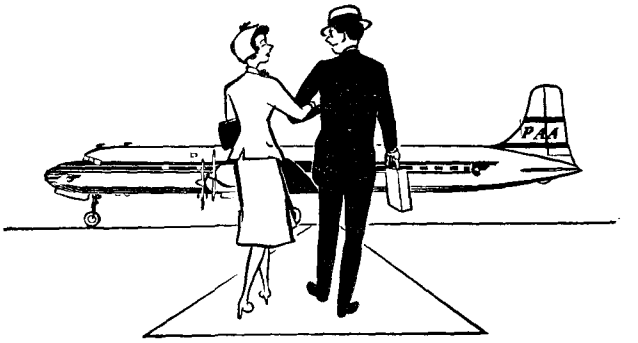

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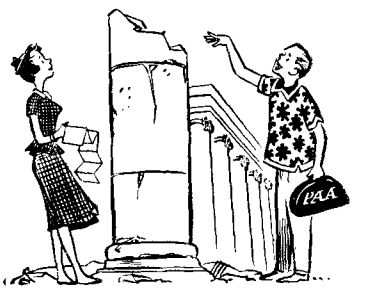

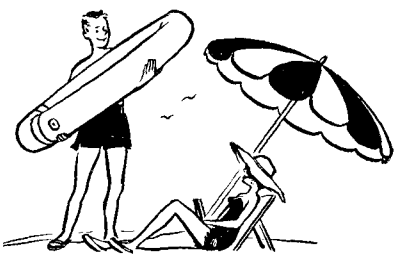

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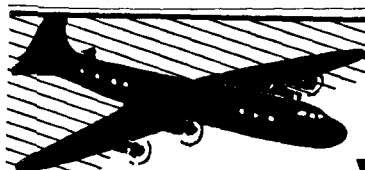
people?" "If that's how you feel," I said, "I'll just stop taking pictures right now. Will that suit you?" "No," he said, in a voice that dripped with the Moscow winter, "you may still continue to use your camera."

While flying long distances over the broad Soviet Union in Aeroflot's twin engine airplanes, we both thumbed through the supply of Soviet magazines, for I was curious, but Dimitri was not. He was not tempted by paperbacked copies of Hemingway, Han Suyin, or Budd Schulberg, which were stuffed in my flight bag. I thumbed through *Krokodil*, the Russian humor magazine, and found cartoons showing three American generals dancing on a drum. One carried a hydrogen bomb in one arm, an atom bomb in the other. The second toted a tank of poison gas, and the third was a bilious green-faced monster who juggled test-tubes and hypodermics, for he was in charge of bacteriological warfare. "Positions of Strength Policy!" They were shouting. And the caption read: "Same Position, No Change."

I handed Dimitri a copy of *Time* I had picked up in Stockholm and showed him the story of the two American missionaries Wilda and Homer Bradshaw, who had finally been let out of China—she insane, he a withered wreck.

"Fish story," said Dimitri handing it back. "If the story is true why would the Chinese have been such fools to allow them out of the country and let the world hate China." The hostess emerged from the front cabin in her own blue knitted sweater and black skirt. "Comrades," she said, "we will be in Kharkov in ten minutes." Once we were on the ground Dimitri walked off the plane and I followed him. He was carrying his own bag.

—HORACE SUTTON.



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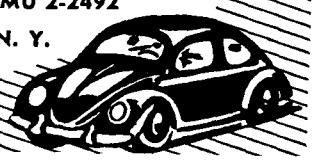

Fiction

Continued from page 13

reader's interest from the central figures; but gradually they are relegated to the subordinate positions in which they belong. In his treatment of Captain Michales, too, the author plays a risky game. At the outset, and for much of the novel, "Captain Wildboar" dominates the scene, but his part dwindles even as he becomes the prime leader of the rebellion, and his place at the center of the stage is taken by old Sefakas, who shares his eminence at the last with the newly introduced character of Kosmas, the captain's nephew and Sefakas's oldest grandson. With the final curtain, however, the author's management of his characters and his shifts of emphasis are felt to have been justified; and it is Michales who speaks the immortal curtain line. But above all the characters towers Crete itself.

"FREEDOM or Death" is animated by primitive passions and ancient traditions. It is a bloody book which takes murder and massacre in its stride. But all its violence, horrors, and exaggerations are set forth with a kind of Homeric matter-of-factness, are uttered in a tone befitting an author who has worked for sixteen years at a 33,000-verse sequel to the "Odyssey." Mr. Doolaard is probably right when he speaks of this novel as an epic. In any case, it is the work of a master, and a work of filial piety, written from heart, mind, soul, and entrails, written with power and pervasive humor. Every novel worth its ink is at least a portion of the world. "Freedom or Death" is a whole world. It is, too, a book with a message, voiced by Polyxigis—"freedom is not a cake that drops into one's mouth and is there for the swallowing, but a citadel to be stormed with the saber."

Notes

SOUTH AFRICAN CLICHE: On page 65 of Joy Packer's **"The Valley of the Vines"** (Lippincott, $3.75) there is a passage that caused this reviewer a moment of unexpected pleasure. It reads:

> "Thinus, for God's sake, leave me before I give myself away. I can't act much longer—go, go!"
> As if in answer to her unspoken plea, he slid off the corner of the desk.

These lines characterize the novel If there is a cliché in language, situation, or character that can possibl

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be lugged in—or impossibly, as above—it is done.

The plot and characters are not worth discussing. The story is laid in South Africa, and its thesis is, roughly, that the gracious plantation life of the white English and the fine farming life of the Boers must not be destroyed, and therefore the colored people and the natives—the tribal Africans—must be kept firmly in their places. The natives are unruly, dangerous brutes, to be handled by firm police. The colored can be given more scope, many of them are good and faithful, and the whites love the equivalents of their mammies, but they, too, must not get out of line. It is for their own good that they should stay in their proper stations.

The jacket says this is the first novel of a writer whose non-fiction has had considerable success throughout the British Empire. If so, she should stick to non-fiction.

—OLIVER LA FARGE.

PRIVATE LIFE OF THE ARCHITECTS: Edwin Gilbert may not be just the person you would call upon to calculate the cost per cubic foot of your new house, but it is evident that he boned up on the shop talk of our modern architects before writing **"Native Stone"** (Doubleday, $4.95), a novel about three young graduates of the Yale School. What is more, judging from his frequent allusions to the blessings of modern technology, he must have sat in on more than one discussion at the Museum of Modern Art.

No doubt about it, Mr. Gilbert takes the profession pretty seriously. Unfortunately, so do his three heroes, Rafferty Bloom, Vincent Cole, and Abbott Austin. In the first few pages, when Austin is about to fall in love with Nina Wister, we are reminded that a boy with a t-square is a boy with a mission in life. Nina, it seems, "had sloping shoulders, and the gentle protrusion of her breasts gave perfect balance and proportion to her body—this kind of near perfection which, to him, had the same attraction as the purity of the architecture of Miës van der Rohe (Miës, the brilliant, pioneering German architect whose main creative work in America was the new campus of the Illinois Institute of Technology—the school Abby had wanted originally to attend.)"

Mr. Gilbert informs us that "though some actual places, institutions, and persons are mentioned by name in this work, the characters of the story itself are purely fictitious." Modern architects who hope to find any of their friends or enemies portrayed in "Native Stone" will be disappointed.

—WAYNE ANDREWS.

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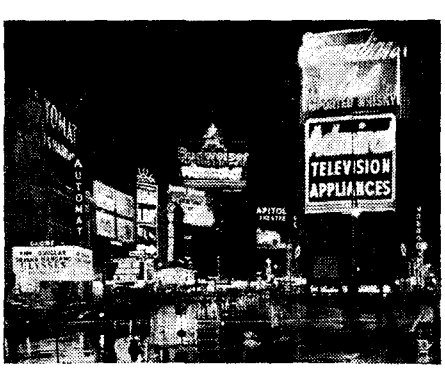
NUDES, NO RYE-KRISP...*and the "Terrible Josephine"*

—Josephine Baker, from "Folies-Bergere."

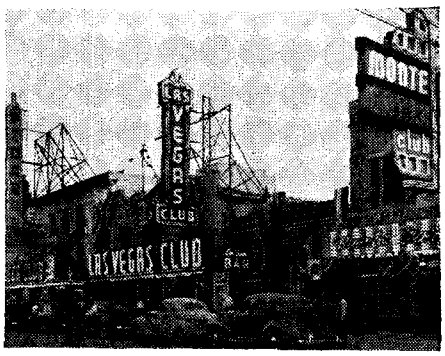
PARIS night life has always been summed up for the average American by the Folies Bergere, and many a male tourist has wished for a peek backstage at the theatre where bare beauty is queen. In a way, that opportunity now comes in an unpretentious and amusing book called **"Folies-Bergere"** (Dutton, $3.95), by Paul Derval, owner-manager of the citadel of nudity. M. Derval, who has what many men would call the most enviable of jobs, is lighthearted and truly Gallic about his responsibilities, but it is plain to see that the dream-job has headaches. Over the years, his major nightmare had been his stars, among them the late Mistinguette, whose childish tantrums cause M. Derval to shrug, "Needless to say, as a person she was impossible." Equally difficult for the impresario was Josephine Baker, who spent much time trying to bleach her skin white, not realizing its duskiness was her main attraction. "That terrible Josephine!" he calls her. Other of the maestro's headaches are these: 400 girls show up for Folies calls, and out of them M. Derval must winnow 16 show girls, 16 nudes. "I sometimes wonder which gave me more trouble, casting nudes or casting animal acts," the author states ruefully. But despite annoyances, he retains faith in nudity, calling it "that most exquisite of gems, the beauty of the nude female figure." "Folies-Bergere" is lavishly illustrated with photographs, most of which only point up a mystery. A few Folies girls are lovely to look at, but most are of a strange heaviness and homeliness. Why?

LAS VEGAS night life goes on all day—and vice versa. If you can gamble in neon-lighted casinos during daytime hours, you also find supermarkets, pet shops, furniture stores, and clothing emporiums open all night. "We give 'em what they can't get in Grand Rapids, and give it to 'em twenty-four hours a day," says one Las Vegas nabob, of the boom town that has sprung up so fast in the Nevada desert. The average stay-at-home may be repelled by the garishness of the country's new gambling capital, but this only adds to the feat of Katharine Best and Katharine Hillyer in making their book **"Las Vegas: Playtown, USA"** (David McKay, $2.95) a stimulating and livable book. It is no staid guide to Vegas, but a fascinating bit of Americana in which the two indefatigable authoresses not only run their legs off interviewing Las Vegans and visiting celebrities, but have done a bit of background research on the town that exists largely because of Hoover Dam. Everything in Vegas today is garish and gaudy, making it the closest approximation to the old frontier we have. Its two newspapers hurl daily insults at each other in a way that would bring libel suits anywhere else. People talk in millions and build hotels as readily as the rest of us would construct a split-level dwelling. "It's great in Las Vegas, if you enjoy making big money," said Mickey Rooney recently. Everybody out there enjoys it, and won't allow anything small. When Noel Coward arrived, he sent word to the kitchen that he was on a rye-krisp and lettuce diet. The chef, a true Las Vegan, pushed this order aside and inundated Mr. Coward with mountains of sumptuous food. He ate it. In Las Vegas you do as Las Vegans do—and the Misses Best and Hillyer give you a good idea what that is.

NEW YORK night life has no more knowing chronicler than Robert Sylvester, longtime drama reporter on the *Daily News*, now a columnist for that



—Times Square at night (Ewing Galloway).



—Las Vegas.

and other papers. Few nooks and crannies of Gotham's afterdark have missed his observant, sardonic eye, and in his mind are stored all the better quips, events, personalities. In **"No Cover Charge,"** (Dial, $3.95) he starts with the gaudy days of Prohibition. Opening with the famed Hotsy Totsy Club killings (involving Legs Diamond, who once stopped no less than eighty-one shotgun pellets and lived), he sketches the inns-and-outs of the city's gaudy night life since, including such high spots as Jack White's 18 Club and the contemporary bop phase, of whose two-bopster stories he is known as the most discriminating judge. But Bob Sylvester, liked and admired by all Broadway (as well as by this writer), is a bit of a problem. A fellow who has written five novels, and now a non-fiction sixth, he has yet to write a good book. "No Cover Charge," containing much superb material, is too often vitiated by cute writing, dull passages, and rehash biographies of personalities like Sherman Billingsley. Material stored in the Sylvester cranium may be without parallel, but what flows to his typewriter is usually superficial and uninteresting. Why? Perhaps because Bob looks at book-writing as a once-through-the-typewriter job, like a daily column. Books require sound material and advance cogitation (the Hotsy Totsy chapter in Sylvester's hands merely skims over easily available facts, where a digging job of research might have produced a chapter of true Americana). Bob knows all the stories—but he hasn't bothered to think them through.

MIAMI night life has an even less satis*factory chronicler in* Jack Kofoed, picturesque reporter who went ther in 1939, loved the place, and remaine to write a daily column for the *Miam*

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Watch for the NATIONAL BOOK AWARD February 7

Here are the leading candidates for the National Book Award:

FICTION

ANDERSONVILLE—MacKinlay Kantor (World)

BAND OF ANGELS—Robert Penn Warren (Random)

BRIDE OF THE INNISFALLEN—Eudora Welty (Harcourt)

FAITHFUL ARE THE WOUNDS—May Sarton (Rinehart)

A GOOD MAN IS HARD TO FIND—Flannery O'Connor (Harcourt)

MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR—Herman Wouk (Doubleday)

TEN NORTH FREDERICK—John O'Hara (Random)

THE BLACK PRINCE—Shirley Ann Grau (Knopf)

THE SPIDER'S HOUSE—Paul Bowles (Random)

NON-FICTION

AMERICAN IN ITALY—Herbert Kubly (Simon & Schuster)

GIFT FROM THE SEA—Anne Morrow Lindbergh (Pantheon)

HENRY ADAMS—Elizabeth Stevenson (MacMillan)

INSIDE AFRICA—John Gunther (Harper)

NOTRE-DAME OF PARIS—Allan Temko (Viking)

SCROLLS FROM THE DEAD SEA—Edmund Wilson (Oxford)

SOLITARY SINGER—Gay Wilson Allen (Macmillan)

THE LAND THEY FOUGHT FOR—Clifford Dowdey (Doubleday)

YEARS OF DECISIONS—Harry S. Truman (Doubleday)

POETRY

AS IF—John Ciardi (Rutgers)

BIRTHDAYS FROM THE OCEAN—Isabella Gardner (Houghton)

EXILES AND MARRIAGES—Donald Hall (Viking)

POEMS: North and South—Elizabeth Bishop (Houghton)

SELECTED POEMS—Randall Jarrell (Knopf)

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES—W.H. Auden (Random)

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—*Miami.*

Herald. Maybe Mr. Kofoed has written a new book in **"Moon Over Miami"** (Random House, $3.50). Maybe not. Readers will find it hard to tell, for these pages give the impression that he has clipped a lot of old daily columns, tossed them wildly in the air, and pasted them together in the order they floated down. He leaps from anecdote to anecdote with wild abandon, without transition or apparent *sequitur*. And can Jack tell dud stories? Space prevents proof of it here, but he can take hundreds of words to lead up to some of the soggiest punch lines we've read anywhere. Still, his punch lines are easily outshone by his similes. "The years have slithered by like pigs on a greased slide," he writes on one page. Again: "The hurricane lashed boarded windows like Jack Dempsey beating on Jess Willard's aching jaw." For collectors of such literary gems, "Moon Over Miami" will be a rare delight, but to the rest of us it will give no idea of Miami, but only of a columnist free-wheeling at the typewriter.

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 658

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 658 will be found in the next issue.

GVKKZ, EJA EJNKFT ZIV

SAPAPCAS—BKL EJA

EJNKFT ZIV LIK'E. . . . "BOO

BCIVE AUA."

MITAQJ O. PBKHNAXNDY.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 657

Self-restraint is feeling your oats without sowing them.

—SHANNON FIFE.

EUROPE

Age of the Aspidistra

A new surge of interest in the Victorian Era in Great Britain and this country has occasioned the publication of three books: ***"Victorian People," by Asa Briggs*** *(University of Chicago Press. 312 pp. $5),* ***"Victorian Vista," by James Laver*** *(Houghton Mifflin. 256 pp. $5.50), and* ***"Victorian Song," by Maurice Willson Disher*** *(Macmillan. 256 pp. $4.50). George Woodcock, author of "The Paradox of Oscar Wilde," considers the books and the age below.*

By George Woodcock

TWENTY YEARS ago the Victorian age seemed as outmoded as the tables with mother-of-pearl inlay and the tinkling prismatic lusters that gathered dust in attics or stood unsold in the back premises of antique shops. Lytton Strachey had probed ironically into the characters of its heroes and heroines and found them wanting; political writers had blamed the blindness of its statesmen for the international agonies of the twentieth century; in art and music and literature it had been dismissed as the heyday of Philistinism. To anyone in those days who prided himself on taste and intellectual discrimination the age of the unmerry widow seemed as dreary as its symbolic plant, the aspidistra.

Today the tide has changed and the Victorian Revival is in full spate. The lusters and the inlaid tables have been polished up and sold at prices that would have shocked their original owners, Victorian songs echo in London little theatres for the benefit of the very people who not so long ago hailed Strachey as an iconoclastic prophet, and nineteenth-century academic painters like Mulready are arousing an interest such as they have not enjoyed since the days, seventy years ago, when Whistler and Wilde began to destroy the pretensions of anecdotal art.

And on a more serious level, Victorian writers, politicians, and leaders of social movements are being given a sympathetic consideration that has been denied them for many years, so that, after having despised the Victorians, we are now inclined to go to the other extreme of regarding them as giants of personality beside whom our contemporaries seem cramped and stunted.

Three new books—"Victorian People," by Asa Briggs, "Victorian Vista," by James Laver, and "Victorian Song," by Maurice Willson Disher, are all in their various ways manifestations of this contemporary tendency to appreciate rather than to criticize the Victorians.

Mr. Briggs deals with a more limited subject than his title suggests; he takes the zenith of the nineteenth century, from the Great Exhibition of 1851 to Disraeli's Reform Bill of 1867, and shows the relationship between the dominant ideas of the time and the men who now seem its most typical personalities—men as varied as Bright and Trollope, as Robert Applegarth, the Trade Unionist, and Thomas Hughes, the prose laureate of the public schools. Mr. Laver has gathered, and garnished with commentary, an anthology of Victorian ephemerae in writing and illustration, under the theory that "surface pattern can sometimes reveal the depths" and that "out of unconsidered trifles" one can "build up a picture of an Age." Willson Disher, a Victorian *aficionado* who has clearly never bowed the knee to Strachey, goes on a sentimental excursion into his own youth, when the almost legendary stars of the nineteenth-century music halls were still in full career and when every respectable home echoed to the twang of the upright piano and the full-throated singing of "In the gloaming" and "Alice, where art thou?"

THE points of view expressed implicitly in these books differ so widely as to emphasize that the Victorian Revival is a more complex phenomenon that it appears at first sight. There is, of course, an element of precious faddism in some of its manifestations which is as shallow and pretentious as the fashionable Gothicism that reached its height among the Victorians themselves in the famous Eglinton tournament, when nineteenth-century gentlemen got into armor and knocked each other off their horses in an excess of antiquarian enthusiasm. There is also the envy with which we look back on an era when an income tax of a shilling in the pound was regarded as disastrous, when war seemed—to the unmilitary at least—an affair of Light Brigades and thin red lines of heroes, when the streets smelled of

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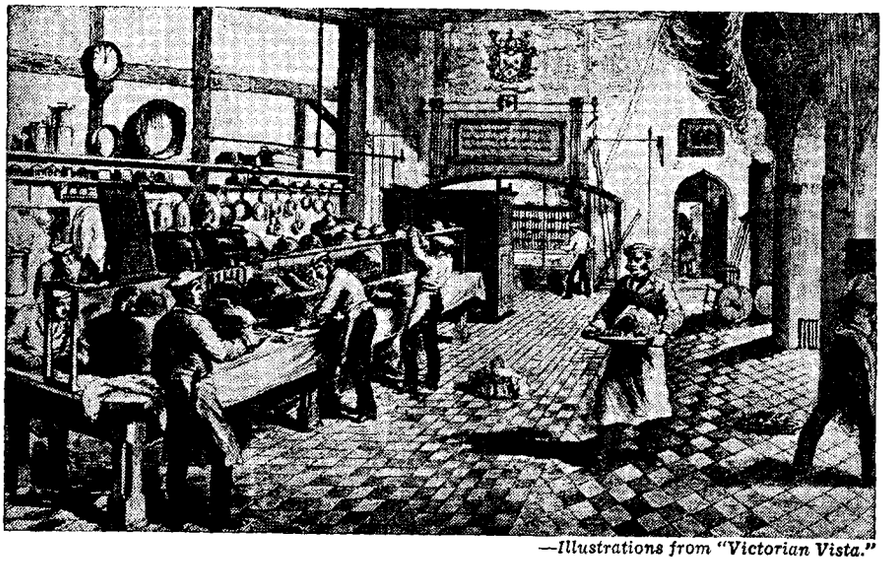
ammonia rather than gasoline, and when Karl Marx was merely another of the bearded oddities of the British Museum Reading Room. But, beyond the fashionable cultism and the nostalgia which men always feel for ages whose problems are different from—if not less than—their own, there is a genuine realization among students of the nineteenth-century, whether from a literary or a social viewpoint, that the condemnatory attitude of the Twenties and Thirties was unbalanced and unjust.

What the prewar critics of Victorianism tended to see, to the virtual exclusion of other aspects of the century, was the extraordinary Philistinism embodied in the attitudes of the commercial middle class, whose phenomenal rise in numbers and prosperity made it in some ways the most vital class of the Victorian age. In its worship of money and its social snobbery, in its ironbound respectability and its intolerant fundamentalism, this class expressed those faults of the age which Wilde, and Shaw in imitation of him, stigmatized as the seven deadly virtues, and in Victoria these characteristics of her bourgeois subjects were personified almost to caricature. But it would be as foolish to assume that the Queen epitomized all her age as it would be to suggest that the Czar epitomized the Russia of Tolstoy or Napoleon III the France of Baudelaire. Indeed, far from this being true, the Victorian age owed its extraordinary dynamism to the presence of great conflicting forces within its own life. It was, after all, the Victorians themselves who, in a few decades, carried out vast reforms in their industrial, educational, and parliamentary systems, while all the powerful progressive forces in Britain today—the Labour Party, the Trade Unions, the Co-operative movement—sprang from the soil of nineteenth-century working-class radicalism.

In "Victorian People" Asa Briggs draws attention to this dualism of the Victorian world, and shows it appearing in some very unexpected places. His book begins with a study of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and Paxton's masterpiece, the Crystal Palace, emerges, not merely as a symbol of Victorian megalomania, but also as a token of the era's idealism and of its internationalist hopes. Mr. Briggs goes on to discuss a number of men who, in their various fields, were as typical as the Crystal Palace of mid-Victorian tendencies, and he shows that almost all of them carried the basic Victorian conflict between idealistic and material motives right into their own lives and ideas. It is enlightening to be reminded, for instance, that Samuel Smiles, the author of "Self-Help," was

Aubrey Beardsley. Photo.

"Saturday Night at the Victoria Theatre."



—*Illustrations from "Victorian Vista."*

Charterhouse Kitchen, 1867.

"THE SIX-MARK TEAPOT" (1880).

ESTHETIC BRIDEGROOM: "It is quite consummate, is it not?"
INTENSE BRIDE: "It is indeed! Oh Algenon, let us live up to it."

"The Beloved," c. 1860. Photo. London Stereoscopic Co.

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no mere advocate of selfish acquisitiveness; on the contrary, he denounced laissez-faire as "a dreadful theory" and demanded a higher status for the working man. It is also pleasant to recollect that the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," far from being an old-school-tie conservative, was one of the little group of enlightened parliamentarians who worked successfully to gain recognition for the growing trades union movement.

But behind the gallery of significant individuals whom Mr. Briggs has chosen to represent the Victorian age at its zenith one is always conscious of Victorian people in another sense, of a populace acutely and urgently concerned with political affairs and even with abstract principles of right. Foreign exiles who availed themselves of the political asylum which Britain maintained during the nineteenth century were often surprised by the apparent contrast between the stuffiness of British life and the feeling that was aroused by issues of freedom and justice. Throughout the mid-nineteenth-century the people of England were demonstratively conscious of topical issues; at this time the suffrage was still limited, but the Victorian working men realized the value of popular demonstrations by the voteless, and as Mr. Briggs suggests, there is no doubt that the great Hyde Park gatherings of the Sixties and the two hundred thousand Birmingham people who gathered to support John Bright in 1866 did more than any amount of parliamentary maneuvering to precipitate the passing of the Reform Bill which brought the franchise to the urban workers. The men who acted in this way were certainly not the stuffy Victorians of the customary stereotypes.

Mr. Briggs shows us the Victorians through the eyes of an intelligent and persuasive historian of our own day. James Laver, in "Victorian Vista," shows them as they saw themselves, and the picture is not always pleasant. The inhuman strictness of much Victorian family life; the harsh conditions under which factory children, seamstresses, and shop assistants worked and lived—and all too often died before their time; the absurd etiquette with which the middle-class circumscribed their lives and the villainous over-eating and over-dressing they imposed upon themselves—all these make for uncomfortable and at times horrifying reading, for Mr. Laver has conscientiously shown us the shadow as well as the sunlight of nineteenth-century England, the world of Doré as well as that of Frith.

At the same time, he makes clear that those who denounced and often succeeded in eliminating the social abuses of the age were Victorians themselves, and his selections also show abundantly that the Victorians were not always the monsters of smug seriousness we have often imagined them. Some of the humor of "Victorian Vista" is, indeed, unintended, as when a manual of good behavior, after laying down strictly the correct way to greet a lady and the limitations on smoking in public, breaks unexpectedly into the exhortation: "Don't expectorate on the sidewalk. Go to the curbstone and discharge the saliva into the gutter." But much of the fun is deliberate, and shows that the Victorians had a faculty for laughing at themselves and each other that went far beyond the pages of *Punch*.

Yet the fact remains that sentimentality, the deliberate cultivation of emotions for their own sake, was grossly prevalent throughout the age. Few even of its best writers were free from the tendency to luxuriate in spurious excesses of feeling; it exists in the cynic Wilde as much as in the frankly sentimental Marie Corelli. But it seems to reach its height in the popular arts of the theatre and the drawing room, and Mr. Disher's book is heavily loaded with examples of atrocious mawkishness. Yet "Victorian Song" is by no means all gaslight's glitter, or little yellow birds, or songs of Araby. With the somewhat verbose and undisciplined enthusiasm of a life-long amateur, Mr. Disher leads us through the repertoire of our vocal grandparents, and shows that, even in their entertainments, the Victorians could combine with sentimentality an amazing facility for absurd and often grimly realistic comedy. In both fields, indeed, they excelled their successors. The nostalgic tearfulness of their ballads has maintained a tenacious hold over the memories of most English people, and the comic songs of their music halls have rarely been rivalled in our century as examples of popular humor. George Orwell once said that he would sooner have written "Come where the booze is cheaper" than "The Blessed Damozel." Perhaps this viewpoint is extreme, but it is impossible to read Mr. Disher's chapters on the music-hall singers of the nineteenth century without the feeling that Victorian England, even if it was not so quaintly attractive as its faddish enthusiasts are now inclined to maintain, was a vast deal more full of life and liveliness than we allowed ourselves to believe during the revolt of the Twenties.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to identify ten literary characters who stood before the bar of justice. If you can name no more than six, it's a conviction; seven or eight is a hung jury, and nine or ten an acquittal. Verdict on page 37.

1. On trial for attempted kidnapping and aiding larceny, this traveling salesman pleaded his own case in such an amusing fashion that the judge took time out for phoning his wife to bring her sewing to the courtroom.
2. In a breach of promise suit the jury fined him seven hundred and fifty pounds which he refused to pay, preferring jail instead.
3. During this man's trial, the husband of the women he was accused of murdering appeared to plead for the defendant, but the hysterical crowd in the courtroom prevented his speaking.
4. Because he cursed the name of his native land when he was being tried for treason, he was doomed to spend the rest of his life as a circumnavigating exile.
5. The eloquence of a renowned orator saved this New England farmer from paying a debt to the Devil.
6. The trial of this Indian doctor was interrupted by the announcemen that the Englishwoman whose testimony would clear him had been smuggle out of the country.
7. During this Russian's trial for the murder of his father, a revengefu woman produced a letter written by the accused wherein he threatened th patricide.
8. This German banker was tried before a mysterious court for a crime th nature of which he never knew even up to the time he was murdered.
9. He escaped sentence for jilting his fiancée when the judge decided t marry the girl himself.
10. When this chauffeur was being tried for the murder of his employer daughter, his crime was reconstructed in the courtroom, including the furna where the victim's body had been burned.

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Controversial Captain

***"The Dreyfus Case," by Guy Chapman** (Reynal. 400 pp. $5), is a British historian's reexamination of the infamous French affair which reaches many conclusions not in the textbooks. Leo Gershoy, professor of history at New York University, reviews it below.*

By Leo Gershoy

IN 1953 Guy Chapman gave up the Chair of Modern History at the University of Leeds to devote himself to research on a major work on the Third French Republic. Engrossed by the wealth of material and the ramifications of the Dreyfus affair, he laid the larger study aside temporarily to reexamine the Dreyfus testimony at length and in detail. His book "The Dreyfus Case: A Reassessment" is the happy product of his labor. Richly informed, temperate in judgment, always lucid, and occasionally brilliant in exposition, such is the latest study of the affair which was terminated legally almost fifty years ago by the final vindication of Captain Dreyfus.

Most of the studies of the subject, and their number is legion, have been more propaganda than history. The ingredients of the matter have been homogenized into an oversimplified and almost meaningless smoothness. Of the many all-embracing theories propounded to imbue what happened with meaning, few deserve to survive. The leading actors, Mr. Chapman tells us, are both less heroic and less odious than their champions and detractors painted them. Close examination of the details—of the arrest and conviction of Dreyfus as well as of the revision of his trial and his final exoneration—shows not virtue fighting villainy, but "fallible human beings being pulled this way and that way by their beliefs, their loyalties, their prejudices, their ambitions and their ignorance."

With the broad lines of the author's approach and conclusion the reviewer is in the main agreed. Mr. Chapman is on completely firm ground in his treatment of the first phase of the long and involved and painful story. With the exception of Major Henry, the military accusers of Captain Dreyfus acted in good faith. In arresting him and bringing about his conviction, however mistaken they were and however "precipitate" they were, they were honestly persuaded that he was the traitor who was betraying exceedingly important military secrets to the enemy. Anti-Semitism existed, obviously, but in Dreyfus's condemnation it played no dominant part.

The story of the second phase, which turns on the trial of Zola and the entry of the intellectuals, is more complicated and Mr. Chapman's account is more difficult to follow. It is also more difficult to follow him in his generous and almost gentle treatment of the military who missed one good opportunity after another to withdraw without disorder or undue loss of prestige from the untenable position in which they had placed themselves by their support of fools and knaves. In demolishing the unwarranted charges that were made against them Mr. Chapman comes close to special pleading in their behalf.

If the author is at his most judicious and forebearing in treating the grotesquely over-attacked military chieftains, he comes close to abandoning his calm in his final chapters, which cover the liquidation of the case and the Dreyfusard revolution. It was then that the opportunistic politicians took over and by extending the matter to the political and religious spheres rekindled the dying embers of mutual antipathy. Manifestly, their assumption of virtue which they had not possessed was hypocritical. Revolting, too, was their unscrupulous attack on the Church and the army and their creation of the fantasy of a clerico-military plot. But their provocation was not slight; they too had their beliefs and loyalties.

In his emphasis upon their shortcomings and the evil effects of their vendetta against their enemies the author seems more than a little one-sided. But this reservation apart, his study is without any question the most valuable and the most illuminating in English and it deserves a wide audience of readers.

ALFRED DREYFUS (1859-1935), ingenuously referred to by "Webster's Collegiate Dictionary" as "Fr. Army officer," was the involuntary subject of one of the world's most celebrated controversies, in those happy pre-Buchenwald days when one injustice to one victim still set the world on its ear. In the summer of 1894 this unusual and distinguished French staff captain found himself in the midst of an incoherent, incomprehensible muddle of espionage, forgeries, secrets, briberies, and perjuries which led—on the flimsiest pretexts—to a life-sentence on Devil's Island. The fantastic case soon aroused all the passions of France—and most of the world—but official pride and prejudice kept Dreyfus's name in suspense until his final rehabilitation in 1906. The modest, dedicated Captain resigned from the Army, however, and—except for service in the First World War—lived in silent retirement until his death.

The exciting new book by the author of GODS, GRAVES, & SCHOLARS

THE SECRET OF THE HITTITES

by C. W. CERAM

Here, for the first time, is the almost incredible story of the lost Hittite empire, which ranked with ancient Babylon and Egypt. Founded twenty centuries *before* Christ, it has been shrouded in utter mystery until now—twenty centuries *after! Photographs, line drawings, and maps.*

$5.00 at most bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

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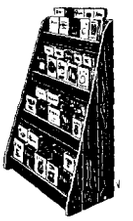
Up From Pulp Row



"The Fiction Factory," by Quentin Reynolds *(Random House. 284 pp. $5), is a popular account of the publishing house of Street & Smith, from its birth with the* New York Weekly Dispatch *through* Tip Top Weekly *to* Mademoiselle.

By John T. Winterich

IN 1855, the year of "Leaves of Grass" and "The Song of Hiawatha," Francis S. Street and Francis S. Smith (aged twenty-four and thirty-six respectively—the S's stood for Scott and Shubael) acquired *The New York Weekly Dispatch* from its printer-owner, Amos J. Williamson. Street was handy with figures and Smith had a way with words. They had less than a hundred dollars between them, and Williamson was asking $50,000 for his paper, to be paid out of profits, but things worked out very well indeed; the partnership proved to be among the most effective, profitable, and productive in American periodical history. In the intervening century, Street & Smith has brought out thirty-six weekly publications, thirty-nine series of paperbacks, sixty magazines other than weeklies, nine series of clothbound books, thirteen comics, and seventeen annuals. And while you would be hard put to it today to get a copy of *Starry Flag Weekly* or *Old Broadbrim* from your corner newsdealer, you can readily acquire the current *Mademoiselle* and *Charm*.

The New York Weekly Dispatch held its own for a couple of years and then began to boom. The cause of the boom was a serial written (and signed) by Editor Smith: "The Vestmaker's Apprentice; or, The Vampyres of Society." Street and Smith (they became Street & Smith in 1859) rode along with the periodical's success and did not begin broadening their publishing base until 1865. Not until the Nineties, when the original Street and Smith were both dead, did the house launch the series of five-cent weeklies by which it will always be best remembered for its impact on America's cultural history.

In 1894 a youth from Maine named Gilbert Patten joined the Street & Smith stable of authors. At the end of 1895 the house asked him to try his hand at a series of stories designed "to interest young readers in the career of a young man at a boarding school, preferably a military or a naval academy." Afterward the hero was to "go to college—say, Yale University." Thus was Frank Merriwell born, a product of planned parenthood if there ever was one, to be followed in due course by his brother Dick. The vehicle for their exploits was christened *Tip Top Weekly*. The author, too, underwent a christening—he became Burt L. Standish. This reviewer was weaned on *Tip Top Weekly*, and years later, long after he had put away childish things, he met Gilbert Patten face to face—it would have been no more thrilling to see Shelley plain.

STREET & SMITH has always anticipated rather than followed the popular taste. A new venture in 1933 was *Astounding Stories* the house's entry into the new-old field of science-fiction (a term they wish they had copyrighted)—five years later, in fact, the title of the periodical was altered to *Astounding Science Fiction*. The first number of *Astounding Stories* contained a contribution by Donald Wandrei in which the hero devised a time-space traveling apparatus "working by atomic energy." Many of today's science-fiction writers are themselves scientists of international repute operating under clever aliases.

Quentin Reynolds tells this story of Street & Smith entertainingly in "The Fiction Factory," though he might have some difficulty documenting the intramural dialogues ascribed to editors, who are a notoriously tight-lipped crew. There are, moreover, signs of hurry in his work, as if, like an old-time Street & Smith nickel novelist, he, too, had to meet a deadline. That is the most reasonable way in which to account for various stylistic lapses, for example: Horace Greeley was the first newspaper proprietor "to take an editorial stand on the question of women's ability to perform more than culinary and marital duties," and "The Mauve Decade, as Thomas Beer called the ten years embracing the 1890s," or "O. Henry's popularity was probably due to the fact that his writing had such a universal appeal." And can one pardon a literary-man-about-New-York for writing "Russell" Crouse?

"The Fiction Factory" may well be the showiest publishing history ever assembled, with tinted-paper chapter divisions, a dozen elaborate color plates, and well over a hundred photographs of principals and authors and reproductions of documents and pages one.

Two Street & Smiths—"from *Old Broadbrim* . . . to *Tip Top Weekly* . . . to *Mademoiselle*."

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Inside Esso

"Pioneering in Big Business," by Ralph W. Hidy and Muriel E. Hidy *(Harper. 839 pp. $7.50), the first volume of a history of Standard Oil based on all of the company's records, carries the story down to 1911. George Soule, our reviewer, is the author of "Economic Forces in American History."*

By George Soule

THE early history of Standard Oil as told by Ida Tarbell and other contemporaries was not based on free access to the records of the normally secretive insiders. Now, half a century later, we have the start of a history that makes use of these sources, written by two academic specialists in business history and prepared under the auspices of the Business History Foundation. The Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) not only opened its records without restriction but made a substantial gift to the foundation. "Pioneering in Big Business," as Ralph W. Hidy's and Muriel E. Hidy's work is called, carries the story up to the legal dissolution of the combination in 1911. It is to be followed by two more volumes covering subsequent developments.

Mr. and Mrs. Hidy find that the commonly accepted account of the process by which Standard Oil achieved its power is on the whole substantiated, though it is incomplete. The men in charge were blamed for many hardships of competitors or suppliers for which they were not responsible. The combine did gain discriminatory rebates from railroads, including drawbacks on the freight charges paid by competitors. It did conduct a widespread intelligence system; it did cut prices, sometimes secretly, where competitors were strong (though only when price wars were started by others) without lowering them in other places. It consistently sought dominance, if not complete monopoly, in order to maximize its profits. Though eventually it made concessions to hostile groups and public opinion, these concessions were too little and too late.

There is, however, another side to the story. The authors contend that the practices for which Standard Oil was criticized were common in the competition of the time, and that the executives were careful not to violate existing laws. The revulsion against their methods arose from the fact that, since they were more powerful than others, their use of the ruthless business warfare of the day harmed more people more severely.

The numerous chapters that are not concerned with an assessment of the historic controversy contribute a rich variety of new material about the methods of management employed in this large and growing enterprise. The chief contribution of this history consists in its record of the changing adjustment between centralized control and decentralized performance, the personalities of the active participants and the harmonization of their interests, the methods of hammering out major policies, the use of staff functions and research, the many specific business problems and their solution under varied circumstances.

The authors do not attempt to resolve the question whether the maintenance of competition by many small units would have served the public interest better than the actual dominance of Standard Oil in pipelines, refineries, and marketing. To a historian such questions are likely to be irrelevant, however important they seemed at the time. Both the combination and the opposition to it played their parts. The petroleum business was developed and at least in part rationalized.

A reader of the book might infer that its authors could have used as applied to big business the sentence Adam Smith intended as a judgment of a host of small competitors:

> . . . He intends only his own gain, and he is in this, as in many other cases, led by an invisible hand to promote an end which is no part of his intention. . . . By foreseeing his own interest he frequently promotes that of society more effectually than when he really intends to promote it.

In this case, however, the hand eventually became visible, at least in large part; it was democratic insistence that the public interest must be served especially by those who hold power.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. George Brush, in "Heaven's My Destination," by Thornton Wilder. 2. Samuel Pickwick, in "Pickwick Papers," by Charles Dickens. 3. Henry Wilbourne, in "The Wild Palms," by William Faulkner. 4. Philip Nolan, in The Man Without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale. 5. Jabez Stone, in "The Devil and Daniel Webster," by Stephen Vincent Benét. 6. Dr. Aziz, in "A Passage to India," by E. M. Forster. 7. Dmitri Karamazov, in "The Brothers Karamazov," by Fyodor Dostoyevsky. 8. Joseph K., in "The Trial," by Franz Kafka. 9. The defendant, in "Trial by Jury," by W. S. Gilbert. 10. Bigger Thomas, in "Native Son," by Richard Wright.

Music to My Ears

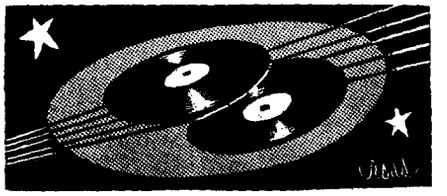
Continued from page 23

new music, was rewarded this time by Miklos Rosza's violin concerto, played to the utmost of its values by Jascha Heifetz, the dedicatee. It was instantaneously accessible to the crowded house and there were ovational cheers for the soloist, for conductor Walter Hendl, and for the composer, who was present.

Speaking rashly at this early date, we would think that Heifetz, an unceasing searcher for new concerto material, has found the most viable work since Sir William Walton's 1939 concerto and something superior to all subsequent commissions. Rosza is one of the few in the swimming-pool set who has been able to keep his gifts compartmentalized, evidently without faking. There is no astigmatism of the sound-track about this concerto. Rosza's quite individual language shows few derivations beyond the unalterable fact that everything of today is built on yesterday.

Composed with Heifetz in mind, the concerto doesn't engulf the solo voice but, better, doesn't strum merely a punctuating accompaniment to the unchallenged best fiddling technique of today. It is consistently violinistic, musical, and still orchestral.

There is a *concertante* pull in the first movement with violin and orchestra often opposed, then going into a stretch of repartee, and finally joining in an extraordinary contrast of timbres. Here the violin is very high and the orchestra very low, as if on the distant horizon. The second movement is more collaborative. An intelligible melody has beguilements unique in this century outside the last symphonies of Prokofiev. One had concluded that anything so soaring and so symmetrical was outside the impulses of today's composers. The finale is a complex of perpetual-motion *staccati* on earthy themes. Perhaps some of the tunes are of Hungarian or gypsy origin, but the hues and allusions are universal, not national. Walter Hendl and the orchestra were at their best in Zoltan Kodaly's "Dances from Galanta." Haydn's "Drum Roll" symphony (No. 103) opened the program. Heifetz was soloist also in the A minor concerto of Vieuxtemps. —JOHN ROSENFIELD.



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AUTHOR OF THE WEEK: As writers of whodunits go, none has broken more rules than has stout, aging (and tricky) Agatha Christie. In her more than fifty mysteries, ranging from "The Mysterious Affair at Styles" (1920) to "Hickory Dickory Death" (just published in the U. S. and heralded by *SR*'s Sergeant Cuff as "smooth as ever"), Mrs. Christie has baffled her readers in some startling ways. In at least one of her novels her policeman himself turns out to be the murderer. So, in other novels, does one or another of her comic characters (though purist whodunit writers bring in such characters only for comic relief). And, at the end of one history-making whodunit, Mrs. Christie's fictional first-person narrator reveals that he himself is the culprit.

Such slick tricks have brought lustre to the name of Agatha Christie, and last week, as two of her mysteries were running simultaneously as plays in London (and one other was running on Broadway and in Paris), new lustre was added to her name. For, in the annual New Year's honor lists announced by Queen Elizabeth II, Mrs. Christie was appointed a Commander of the Order of the British Empire. In plain words this means that Mrs. Christie has been honored with the equivalent of the male title of "Sir" and that henceforth she will be known as "Dame Agatha."

Dame Agatha Christie, who has succeeded in keeping her correct age as tantalizing as the clues in her murder mysteries, was born in Devonshire. She undertook her first whodunit because she found it almost impossible to find a detective story in which she didn't know by page twenty who had committed the crime. To solve her own mysteries she invented the short fat Hercule Poirot, whose name has become synonomous with hers. In 1914, she married Col. Archibald Christie, C.M.G, D.S.O., then divorced him in 1928 and, two years later, married Max Mallowan, an archeologist. While her second husband digs in the Near East she collects background for such whodunits as "Murder in Mesopotamia" and "Death on the Nile." In Devon as Mrs. Mallowan she covers up her own tracks as assiduously as she has ever covered up those of her fictional criminals. Last month a British reporter, hoping to interview the new Dame Agatha, headed for her home there but never found her. "She lives and breathes," he was told. "But you'll have to take our word for it."

—JOHN HAVERSTICK.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE CASE OF THE BENEVOLENT BOOKIE *Christopher Bush* (Macmillan: $2.75)	Ludovic Travers, tireless London eye, hunts peer's missing wife; success brings complications; corpses pop up late in day.	Considerable ground covered (but no meals missed) in unusually tangled cluster of adventures; some horses present.	For that long sea trip.
THE CASE OF THE TERRIFIED TYPIST *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.75)	Perry Mason jars pompous So. Cal. DA Ham Burger once more; Della Street, Paul Drake hold their breath.	African diamonds, chewing gum, other products play parts along with several odd human characters.	Devotees will dote.
BEFORE MIDNIGHT *Rex Stout* (Viking: $2.75)	$1,000,000 TV quiz show arouses cupidities; two die, one smack in Nero Wolfe's office.	Bulky orchid fancier puts ad men through paces; Archie Goodwin on ball as usual.	Tried and true.
HICKORY DICKORY DEATH *Agatha Christie* (Dodd Mead: $3)	Hercule Poirot looks into queer goings-on in London student boarding-house; three die before payoff.	Inspector Sharpe and other cops also good in this characteristically professional number.	Smooth as ever.
JUST A CORPSE AT TWILIGHT *Robert Martin* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75)	Ohio Eye Jim Bennett, on loan to State Industrial Welfare Commission, exhumes six-months' body that has lots to tell.	Sure-footed as usual, with nice drive, smooth handling, and credible, manageable cast, including good cops.	Can't go wrong here.
ROYAL BED FOR A CORPSE *Max Murray* (Ives Washburn: $2.75)	Tourist exploring English manor dies in prize exhibit; cops eye heir solemnly; he turns detective for self-salvation.	Pace not killing and characters slightly Lewis Carrollish, but nice writing, abundant peppering of wit, restore balance.	As indicated.
ELLERY QUEEN'S AWARDS *Various authors* (Little, Brown: $3)	Fourteen well-screened shorts (eight his, six hers) in this tenth unit in well-established series.	Usual sound assortment; geography varies (East Coast, West Coast, No Coast).	Happy birthday to Q.
THE MAN OUT OF THE RAIN *Philip MacDonald* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Six fiction shorts of varying density, covering quarter century of writing, much territory (London to LA).	Structure has edge over characterization; nice opportunity to watch old pro at work.	Specialty number.
THE CRIME, THE PLACE, AND THE GIRL *D. Stapleton* (Arcadia: $2.50)	Hollywood blackmailer exits on big opening night, two film gals follow; Peter Hack, nice press agent, helps cops.	Cast mainly pleasant and personable (plus usual stinkers, of course); pace good; some lack of organization.	Plus mark.
NO TEARS FOR SHIRLEY MINTON *Kenneth Lowe* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Midwest miss gunned in boy friend's car; town turns on him, he turns detective; cops not much help.	Spoon Riverish population provides many motives; pace cold to hot; justice triumphs and love conquers all.	Uneven; slight plus mark.
THE JURY DISAGREE *George Goodchild and Bechofer Roberts* (Macmillan: $2.75)	English panel debates life and death in fictional reconstruction of famous Liverpool true-case (reissue).	Switcheroo ending is greatest departure from actuality; pace occasionally slowed by discussion.	Almost too ingenious.
YOU MAY TAKE THE WITNESS *Clinton Giddings Brown* (Univ. of Texas Press: $3.95)	Reminiscences of San Antonio lawyer and DA; largely negligence cases but some lively felonies are included; claims agents do the detecting.	Written with gusto and humor, also with much good sense; laymen will enjoy and legalists will profit from perusal; sound Americana.	High-grade fun
A SECRET UNDERSTANDING *Merle Miller* (Viking: $3)	*Time*-type newsman investigates disappearance of war hero accused of treason; unearths sinister plot, deaths.	Crisp and circumstantial, with fine verisimilitude; characters plausible; effective performance, good pace.	Real thriller.
THE BASLE EXPRESS *Manning Coles* (Crime Club: $2.75)	British Intelligencer T. Hambleton tries to vacation in Tyrol, but business breaks in, guns pop, corpses pile.	Missing plans turn up as expected (but later than); Swiss, Austrian cops OK; crooks run-of-the-cell.	Gay as ever.
OCCUPATION: THIEF *Donald MacKenzie* (Bobbs-Merrill: $3.50)	Native Canadian, without benefit of ghost, describes life of crime in England, France, Morocco, US.	Unusual fact job by jailbird who still carries chip on shoulder; ladies numerous.	Fast, vivid.

—SERGEANT CUE

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Johnny

Continued from page 9

years when we are developing the skills it requires. Through the centuries, publishers and book manufacturers have tried to lighten the burden by improving type-faces and inks and paper and by many other means from their vast and ever-growing storehouse of knowledge and experience. But ultimately the struggle for meaning must remain between the individual reader and his book; a struggle which must be solitary and may often be glorious.

It is interesting to hear junior high-school boys and girls discuss the differences between reading a book and looking at television. They are as repelled and as angered by the omnipresent commercial as we are; more so, even. They distinguish sharply between the limitations and restrictions of television as a storytelling medium, and the vast potential scope of the reader and his book. As one twelve-year-old put it: "They make you see it their way, and sometimes they're not right." Another said of stories "adapted" for television, and the film too: "They always leave something out."

Now these are ordinary children. Television is near the center of their world, and that's not wrong. There is not and need not be any competition between it and the book. If anything, as many librarians know, television reenforces and stimulates reading, although it is doubtful that it could ever initiate it.

The early teenager is a frighteningly precise critic, even when he appears most eagerly to be accepting the pap of TV, radio, the film, and yes, the printed page, that is so often slopped his way. In saying this, however, it should be made clear at once that generally publishers have done a remarkably efficient job, a vastly creative job in the field of children's literature, as their sales testify, but not for the teenager or the young adult. We have the perennial titles in the children's market. Many of them are good for half a century or more. Some of them are among the immortals of the printed word. But for the older brother or sister there is no such level of performance, with the occasional exception of titles from series such as the Landmark Books and other similar series. In fiction something is usually missing, left out, or perhaps not even known.

About a year ago Henry Steele Commager, reviewing the anthology of *Youth's Companion*, noted that in the ninteenth and early twentieth century no sharp distinction was made between juvenile and adult literature. The pages of that magazine carried the works of Poe, Emerson, Melville, Thoreau, Gladstone, Bryce, etc. Commager asked, "What child can read Faulkner, Hemingway, Steinbeck or Dos Passos, Cummings or Pound or Robert Lowell?'" He goes on to say that "the society of the nineteenth century did not have a special vocabulary for children or special interests divorced from the adult world. And for all its reticence it did not indulge in the kind of intellectual and psychological double-talk which leads our own society to rule out any hint of sex from high-school readers but permits limitless licentiousness in the comics and the press."

MR. COMMAGER asks what child can read Hemingway with "none" as the implied answer. But they can and do. And they don't require the watered down, cleaned up versions that masquerade as texts either.

In the colleges for a generation or more we have been teaching that there are different levels of comprehension, different levels of enjoyment at which almost any piece of writing may be read. A thirteen-year-old boy found a copy of "*For Whom the Bell Tolls*," fell in love with Pilar, and tore through the book, reading and understanding only the story line, anxious to know what would happen next. He talked so much about it that the teacher gave him a copy of "The Old Man and the Sea." The boy stopped his teacher in the hall. "Now I know why Mr. Hemingway got the prize. This book is so 'mellow-dramatic,' you know what I mean—smooth and quiet, and yet underneath there is something real, something big. And the boy and the old man, even though they didn't say much to each other, my, how they respected each other." With one solid reading experience this boy had learned how to move to a more sophisticated level of reading. But the point is that we have forgotten how to trust our children with books. We are fearful of having to defend some strange forms of adult behavior or the more subtle kinds of loyalties.

Adolescents have to have valid, meaty reading experiences. They can have these with the Hardy Boys, with Sue Barton, or Nancy Drew, or the Tunis books, but too often we insult the adolescent with denatured, over-illustrated editions of "good" books, or far worse with the self-conscious, teenage pot-boiler. This is not to say that material cannot or should not be written specifically for the teenager, but that he should be treated as a person who is maturing at a frantic pace, whose intellectual and emotional hunger is almost insatiable, who wants above all else to come to grips and to terms with his world, and if he is always being spoon-fed, he will gag.

Commager is not saying that there was no adolescent literature as such in the early part of the century. There were the "penny dreadfuls," the Horatio Algers, Frank Merriwell, Tom Swift, the Rover Boys. They were all potent for us, and some of our fathers too. They are not even curios for our children.

Consider the children's books again. Their magic is as bright as ever. Why? Part of the answer lies in the facts of human psychological development. These books provide a standard clus-

Atomic Submarine

By Milton Bracker

WHAT creature of the Mesozoic seas—
Like Kronosaurus, with a killer's kiss,
Or Archelon, encased, and at its ease—
What was as marvelous a thing as this?

What giant squid could cloak its movements so
Or match the vision of this eyeless head?
What maddened whale could strike as sure a blow
Or cause such hope, such wonder and such dread?

No legendary monster of the deep,
No dark leviathan in ocean lore
Could haunt such distances, denying sleep
And feeding on a secret crystal core.

One flaw remains. Without the touch of man
This cannot swim. A cod or whiting can.

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DATELINES MAKE HEADLINES

Dateline: MOSCOW:

A man in a fur hat, shivering slightly these days in the Russian winter despite his long red underwear, is Horace Sutton, syndicated travel columnist and travel editor of Saturday Review. As usual he is on the spot, getting first-hand news and information for his readers—all of whom are potential tourists—on cities and countries around the world they are interested in visiting.

Thousands of Americans are making plans to penetrate the Iron Curtain this summer, taking advantage of the eased Soviet visa policy to see the historic sights and cultural attractions of Russia as part of their European holiday.

These Americans want to know how much things cost, will they feel welcome, how do they get around, what about hotel accommodations, what's it like to travel on a Russian train or plane, can they hire a car for a trip through the country, what are the good restaurants, what about the famous ballet, how do they have fun when their feet are tired from museums, etc., etc.

Newspapers subscribing to Horace Sutton's weekly travel column will be able to tell their readers all about it. *Subscribe now for Sutton's exclusive series on Soviet travel, either separately, or to start his regular service, with the February 11th-12th weekend release.*

Dateline: BUENOS AIRES: In a memorable dispatch to subscribing newspapers, Horace Sutton wrote of the "long afternoon of John Sunday," Juan Domingo Peron. The column not only discovered afresh the tourist attractions of Argentina, but sensitively recorded the crisis of a crumbling regime and dictator.

Dateline: THE NORTH POLE: When aviation and travel history was made by the first scheduled international airline flight direct from California across the Arctic Circle to Europe, Sutton was there, aboard the pioneer plane of Scandinavian Airlines. The sound of southern U.S. accents in the Arctic night guiding the Scandinavian pilot of the SAS airliner into a snowy landing at the half-way point of the flight, a U.S. airbase, was memorably recorded by Sutton along with all the color and history of the event.

Dateline: HONOLULU: United Airlines inaugurated the only through airline service from New York to Hawaii. This marathon race with the sun and weather from the spires of Gotham to the sands of Waikiki reached subscribing newspapers first from the typewriter of reporter Sutton, telling travel page readers that something new had been added to their holiday plans.

Dateline: NEW YORK: The opening story on the family fare plan of the U.S. and foreign airlines for travel abroad was written by Sutton. This was news of importance to travelers, tourists and businessmen. Sutton reported it first because he is first when news of interest to travelers is being made in any part of the world.

DATELINES MAKE HEADLINES Traveling more than 100,000 miles a year himself in search of news and the latest information about attractions and areas of fresh interest to the tourist, Horace Sutton gives newspapers subscribing to his syndicated travel column weekly dispatches that are unique for their wit, perceptiveness, and authoritative, on-the-spot data.

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ter of stimuli for the mind of the growing child in a child's world, a world, which for all practical purposes is the same today as it was for the Babylonian child. But the teenager is always on the threshold of the adult world, a world as changeful, various, and unpredictable as the child's world is sure and stable, if occasionally frightening. The titles above were on that threshold once, but the world has gone beyond them. And our teenager, who for all practical purposes is denied access to adult books, doesn't even have their equivalent as a guide.

The teenager is a hypersensitive creature, terribly quick to take offense, given to moods that Shakespeare could barely mirror, a man one instant, a mewling infant the next, but more and more often a man. And this is the very point that we miss, this striving towards adulthood.

Look at a dozen books designed for high-school reading. They are insulting with their large, comfortable baby type, their gay and "handsome" bindings, their sickeningly gentle pastel illustrations, all done by competent artists who think they can think as the teenager does. Consider the stories, "especially written for teenagers," replete with imitation teen-talk and "wholesome," disgustingly-wholesome boy-girl situations. Consider the well-made textbook that helps them into boredom. The graded reader, with the grade emblazoned on its cover, marking its carrier as faster or slower, but most certainly different from his classmates, a condition he fears more deeply than you can ever understand. Consider the page of "literature," a piece of "classic" writing peppered with gratuitous, and often inaccurate footnotes. Have you ever seen the guts of a poem laid bare, the soul of a story wracked upon an inappropriate "explanation"? Have you ever seen the glorious adventures of science reduced to kitchen piddling, the romance of history denatured in boldface type? Look at the text books through your children's eyes.

Now most children begin by enjoying reading. The child in the parents' lap, following the story in pictures, wondering at the magic that turns the black wriggles on the page into such fine words; the older child alone with *his* book, performing the same magic, more slowly; the adolescent on a reading spree, devouring books by the shelfful. They are all reading, all enjoying it. But what happens?

Parents often stop reading to children when they deposit them at the school door. They often relapse into

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their own, earlier non-reading habits or they throw the child a book and tell him to get lost. He does, and incidentally he loses something we cannot very well afford to live without. The curiosity and wonder that leads to thought; the kind of thought that we proudly call thinking.

We want all our children to develop the brave abilities that are involved in choosing between competing alternatives. But choice-making is difficult, even in a supermarket. The responsibilities of citizenship require that more and more of us be able to take the pains to think straight. If we are to be able to do this, we must begin where we have always started, in the home, with the family.

IN CERTAIN ways the American family has been playing the school for a sucker for the last thirty years. The school has been made into the anonymous baby-sitter *par excellence*. It wipes noses, prepares the fruit juice, oversees the afternoon nap, deals with childhood tragedies and also—teaches. The school has accepted these additional assignments, as it should, for ours has always been a rapidly changing society. But as the school does this, the family relinquishes much that is vital in its own role in child rearing, and in this matter of reading, more than anywhere else, the accusing evidence is plain.

There is no place in the home for reading. We have a living room, a utility room, a TV room, but no quiet corner for the book. Too many bookshelves spoil the decor, anyway. And there's now no room in the school either; certainly not in the library, that's a place where things are "looked up"; not in the English class—you have to study what you read there; yet here are boys and girls used to reading, liking to read. It should be easy to feed that group from the storehouse of our heritage. That they are nourished as well as they are is a tribute to education and their own ingenuity.

In far too many homes, reading has never been a family activity. There is little or no talk about books or ideas, often because neither are entertained very often. When the child reaches school age, the parents often feel that they are at last released from the burdensome task of the bedtime book. The notion of reading aloud to a family of teenagers would be met by embarrassment on both sides. Many parents are rarely, if ever, surprised in the act of reading. Fred Lechinger put it well when he said: "Unless books, newspapers, and magazines are part of the living room furniture they won't be part of the furniture of the child's mind."

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Huge Cretaceous dinosaur found in Montana, Wyoming, Colorado.	21 174 124 45 150 6 41 161 188 25 40
B. Dutch landscape painter, 17th cent. ("Avenue of Middelharnis," "Water Mill," etc.).	23 141 192 72 106 11 68
C. "Tale" by Arnold Bennett, 1908 (2 wds.).	156 193 111 137 59 123 100 175
D. Given name, Word B.	31 82 39 13 8 71 166 154
E. Fairy in Arabian Nights who gave to Prince Ahmed a tent that would cover an army.	187 32 9 5 69 135 75 87 142
F. A haste, a flutter.	152 83 191 118 30 77
G. Chief criminal court of England, near St. Paul's in London (2 wds.).	167 48 61 18 153 181 27 131 139
H. Kobold.	162 28 190 158 65
I. Eaglestone.	17 91 22 80 4 194 113
J. Birthplace of Catherine the Great.	105 74 185 49 1 12 122
K. First name of Hedin, great Swedish geographer and explorer (1865——).	186 164 10 107
L. British collector of stamp tax, 1765, whose grandson was a member of Congress in 1813 and 1841.	132 148 42 38 116 125 76 85 70
M. Amer. architect who designed federal capital at Canberra (1876-1937).	183 120 126 171 37 56 157
N. What Dr. Johnson said of balloons till we can guide them (2 wds.).	182 144 73 34 119
O. Comic-strip character by Bud Fisher.	88 79 178 52
P. "Elegant" decade.	163 36 134 2 81 92 117 67
Q. Bryant says we plant a shadow for this hour when we plant an appletree.	133 115 147 60 108 46 14 89
R. Composer of "Hearts and Flowers" (1855-1933).	143 170 90 47 57 62
S. Plant whose leaves are used in Sumatra as the rest of use the bean.	146 26 114 145 55 180
T. Parti-colored.	53 173 151 136 165 78 20 121 110
U. Future, not yet brought to life.	160 189 179 177 97 66
V. Revoke.	101 104 33 172 94 84
W. Fruit whose jelly is tops (2 wds.).	86 50 112 127 138 64 102 35 98
X. Loud noise of many voices at once.	176 168 159 54 51 130
Y. Attic orator who killed himself when Philip of Macedon conquered Greece.	155 140 96 29 184 109 169 129 63
Z. George Borrow's autobiography, 1851.	128 44 99 24 93 58 16 19
Z1. Tutor of royal family of Navarre, whom Calvin visited, 1533.	43 3 95 7 149 103 15

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

					1 J	2 P	3 Z1		4 I	5 E	6 A	7 Z1	8 D		9 E	10 K	11 B			
12 J	13 D	14 Q	15 Z1	16 Z		17 I	18 G	19 Z	20 T	21 A			22 I	23 B	24 Z		25 A			
26 S	27 G	28 H	29 Y	30 F	31 D	32 E	33 V	34 N		35 W	36 P	37 M	38 L			39 D	40 A			
	41 A		42 L	43 Z1	44 Z	45 A	46 Q	47 R	48 G		49 J	50 W	51 X	52 O	53 T					
54 X	55 S	56 M	57 R	58 Z		59 C	60 Q	61 G	62 R	63 Y	64 W	65 H	66 U	67 P	68 B	69 E				
70 L	71 D		72 B	73 N	74 J		75 E	76 L	77 F		78 T	79 O	80 I	81 P	82 D					
83 F	84 V	85 L	86 W	87 E	88 O	89 Q		90 R	91 I	92 P	93 Z	94 V		95 Z1	96 Y	97 U				
98 W	99 Z	100 C	101 V		102 W	103 Z1	104 V	105 J	106 B	107 K	108 Q		109 Y	110 T	111 C					
112 W	113 I		114 S	115 Q	116 L	117 P	118 F	119 N	120 M		121 T	122 J	123 C	124 A	125 L	126 M				
127 W	128 Z	129 Y		130 X	131 G	132 L	133 Q	134 P		135 E	136 T	137 C	138 W	139 G	140 Y					
141 B	142 E	143 R		144 N	145 S		146 S	147 Q	148 L	149 Z1	150 A	151 T	152 F	153 G	154 D	155 Y				
156 C	157 M	158 H		159 X	160 U	161 A		162 H	163 P	164 K	165 T	166 D		167 G	168 X	169 Y				
	170 R	171 M		172 V	173 T	174 A	175 C	176 X	177 U	178 O		179 U	180 S	181 G	182 N	183 M				
	184 Y	185 J	186 K	187 E	188 A	189 U	190 H	191 F	192 B	193 C	194 I									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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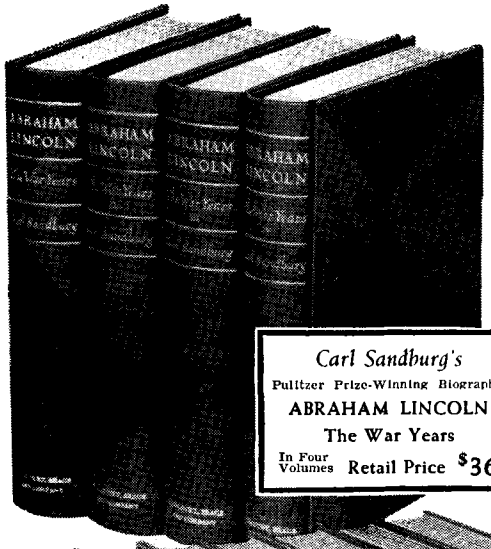

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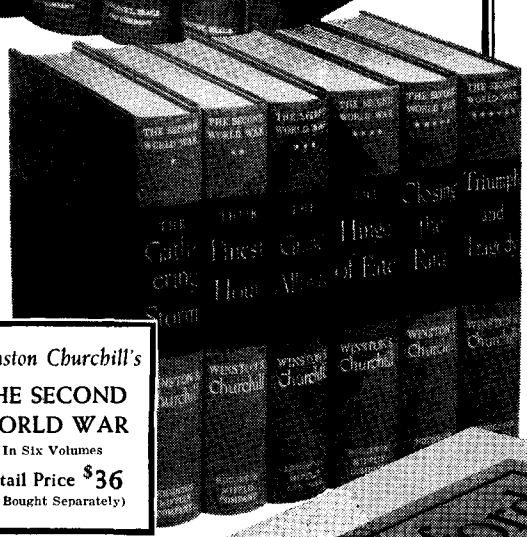

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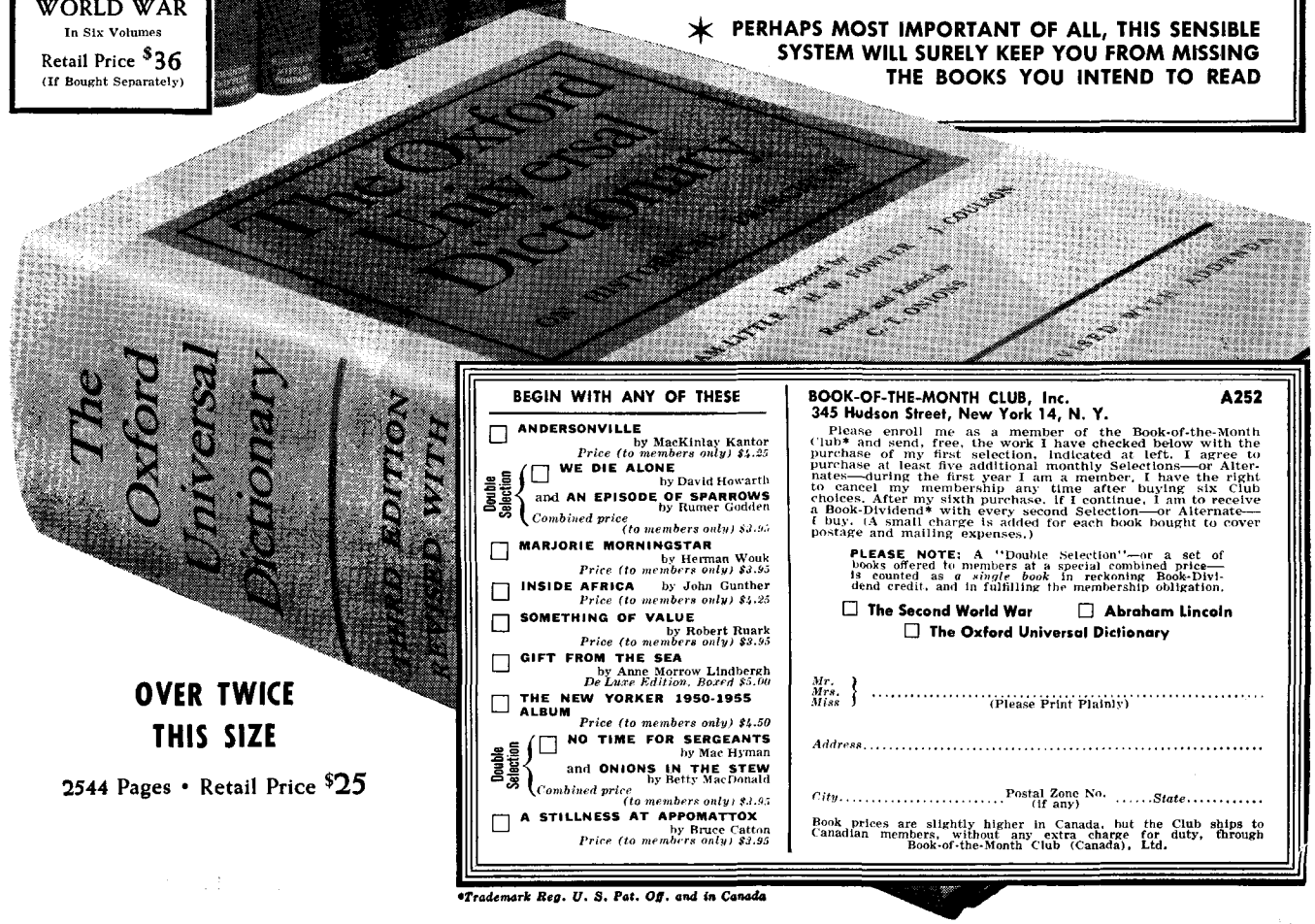

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